

CRACK COMICS

NOVEMBER
No. 57

10¢



Captain **TRIUMPH**
battles
SITOK
GREEN GOD OF EVIL!

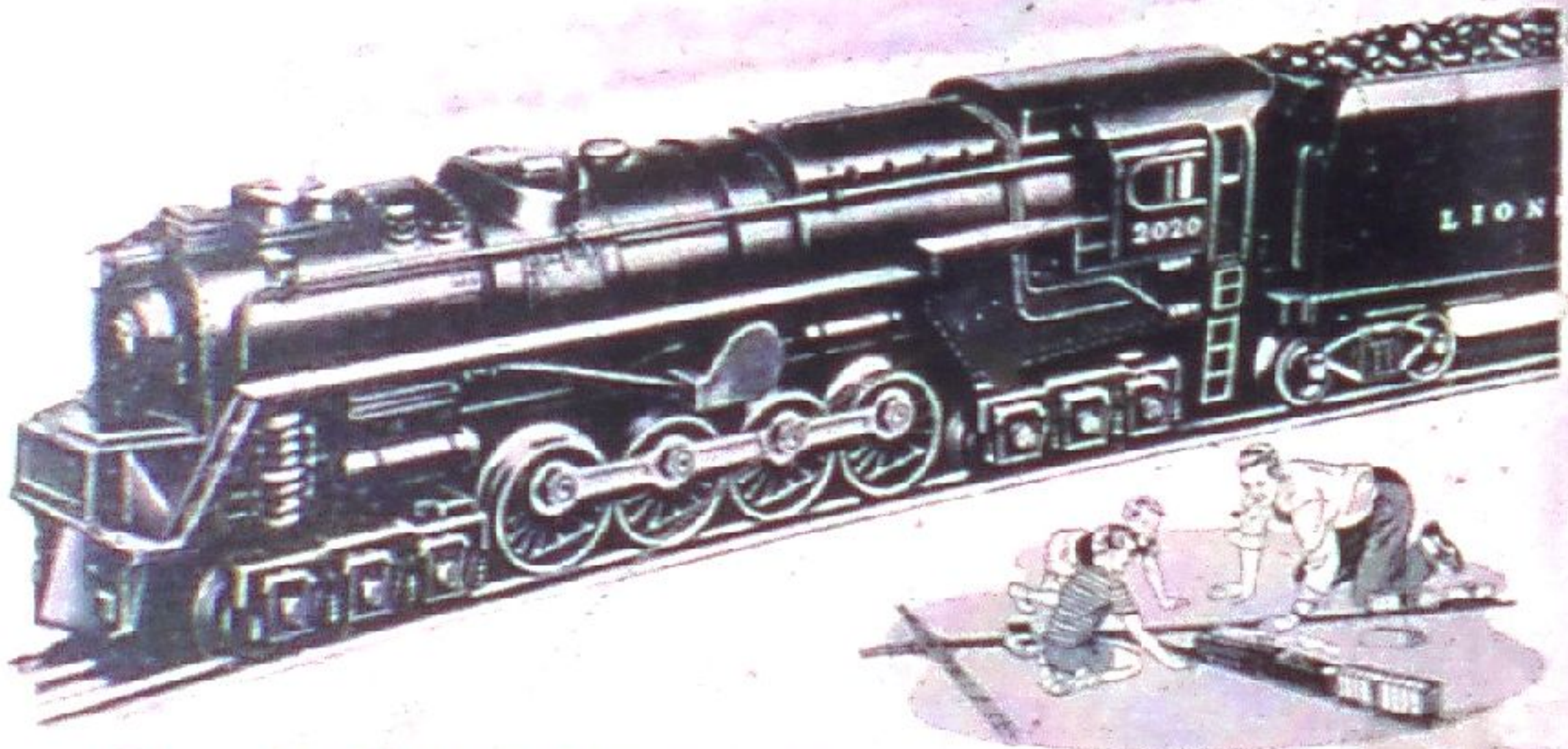


STILL 52 PAGES



WEB COMIC
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LIONEL TRAINS

CREATOR DESIGN, November, 1948, No. 57. Published in monthly by CREATOR MAGAZINE, 8 LINDEN BLVD., BUFFALO, N. Y. Executive Office, 375 Broadway Street, Stationers, Corp., E. R. Arnold, General Manager, George E. Sawyer, Editor. Entered as second-class matter March 11, 1948, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the name of CREATOR. The characters and events portrayed herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 42nd Street, New York City. E. S. Winters, Advertising Representative. L. E. W. Cole & Co., 902 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Western Representative. Copyright 1948 by CREATOR MAGAZINE. Printed in U. S. A.

Captain TRIUMPH



Lance Gellat and the invisible spirit of his dead twin, Michael, have guarded lovely Kim Meredith through a thousand perilous adventures... separately, and... when Lance rubs the birthmark on his wrist... combined as the invincible

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

But even mighty Captain Triumph is helpless when Kim herself threatens his life in the sinister ritual of *The GREEN GOD!*

In a crowded railway station, the sight of a woman running is commonplace...



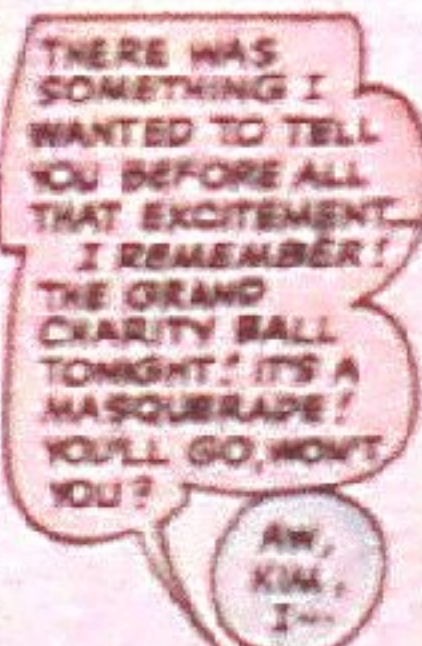
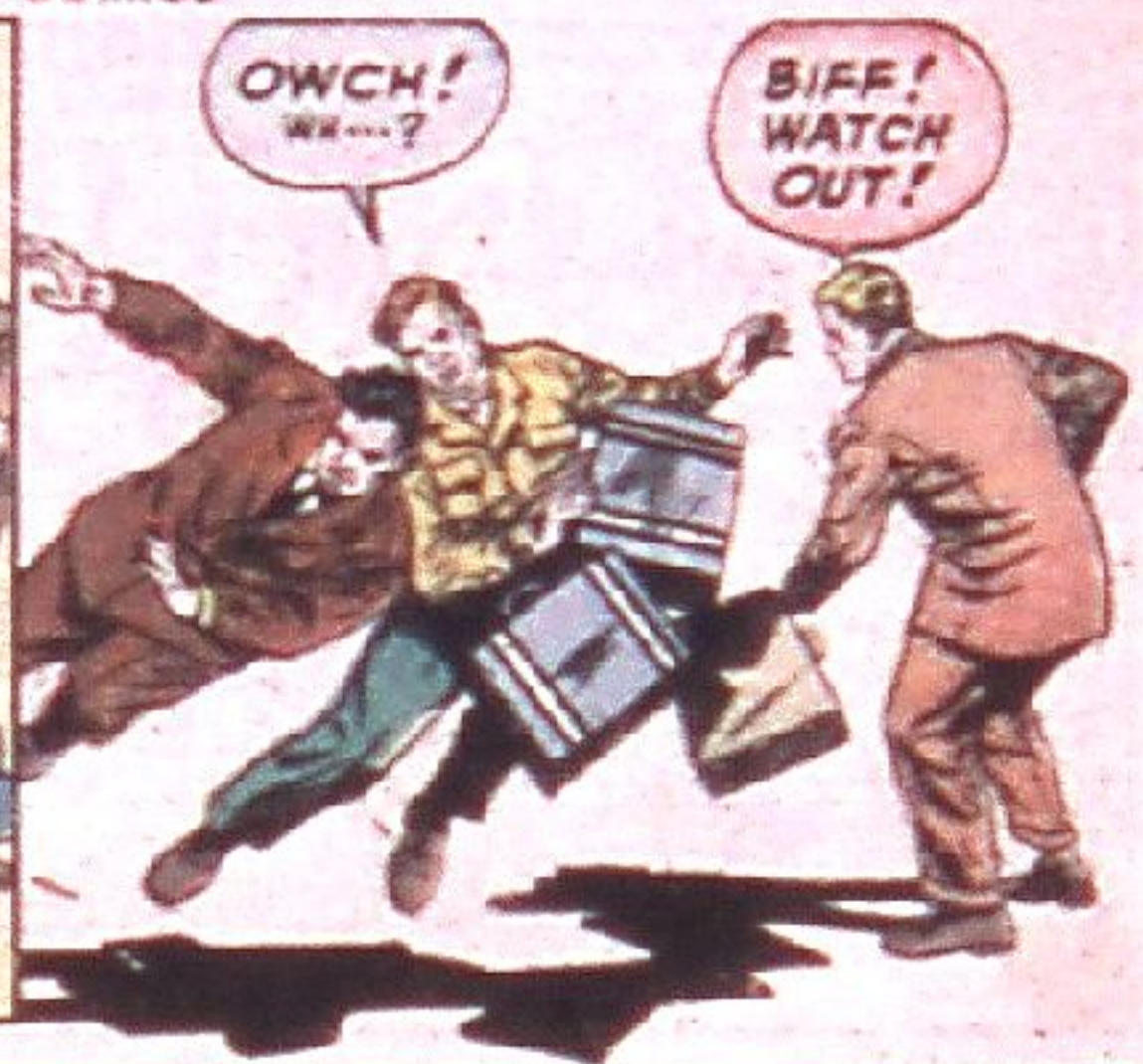
OOH! FORGIVE ME...

OUCH! SHE CERTAINLY MUST BE IN A HURRY TO CATCH HER TRAIN!

THAT'S ANOTHER REASON WE'RE GLAD TO BE BACK HOME, KIM! NO MORE RUSH OR EXCITEMENT FOR A WHILE! WHAT WE WANT IS RELAXATION!

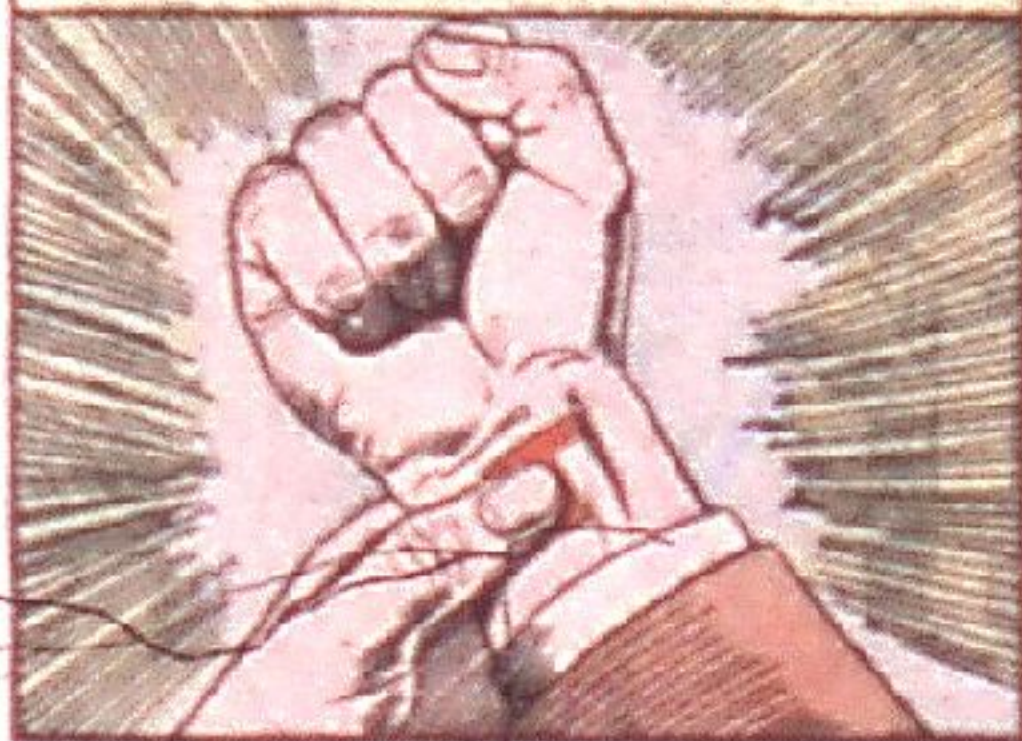








Quickly rubbing the T-shaped birth-mark on his wrist, Lance Gallant combines with the spirit of his twin brother, Michael, to become the indomitable **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**



LUCKILY, NO ONE BUT KIM AND YOU KNOW WHO CAPTAIN TRIUMPH REALLY IS! THEY'LL ALL THINK I'M IN COSTUME!



KIM, MY DEAR, THAT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL COSTUME HERE! I'M SURE YOU'LL WIN THE PRIZE! AND LANCE, YOU WERE SO **ORIGINAL** TO COME AS CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

AND HOW DO YOU LIKE MY GETUP, MRS. VAN DEUSEN?



ER--HA, HA--WELL, IT **IS** UNUSUAL! BUT HURRY, CHILDREN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO JOIN IN A REAL OLD-FASHIONED SQUARE DANCE!

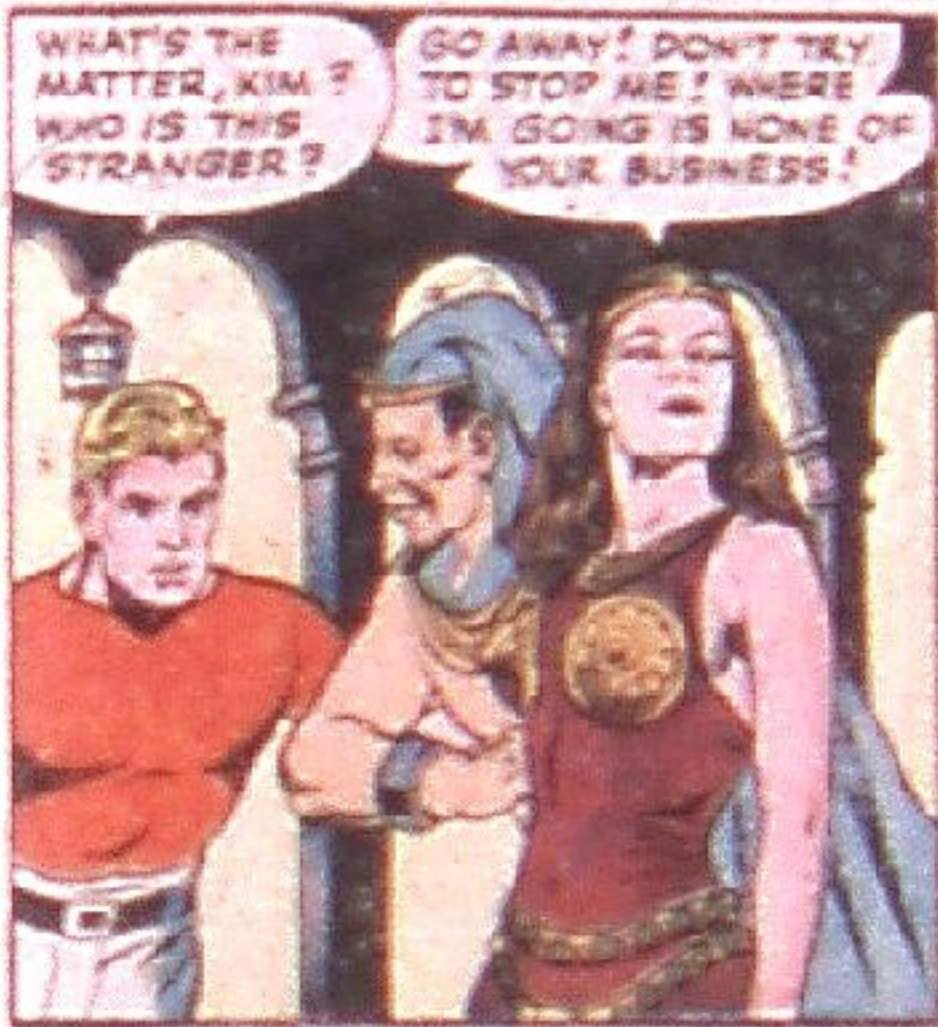


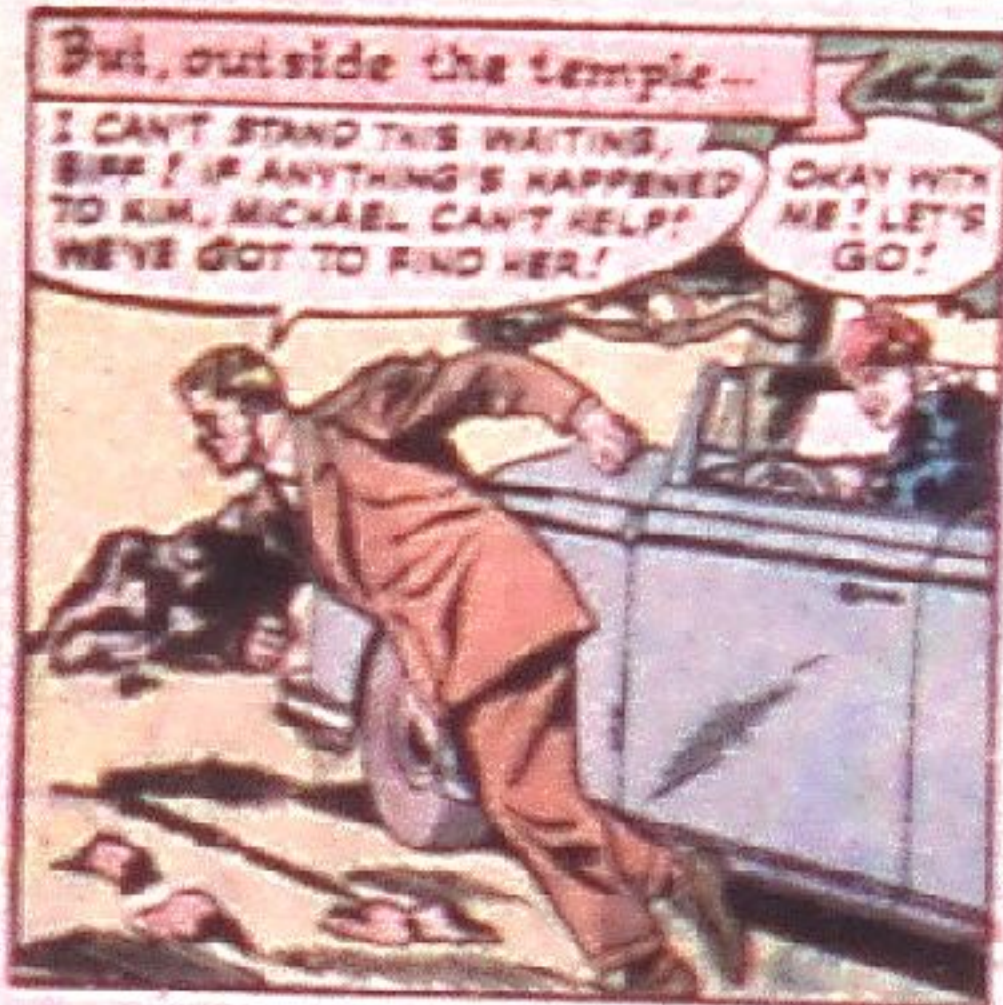
FANCY GETUPS, SQUARE DANCES--IF THIS IS A PARTY, I'LL TAKE A GOOD FIGHT ANY DAY!





CRACK COMICS



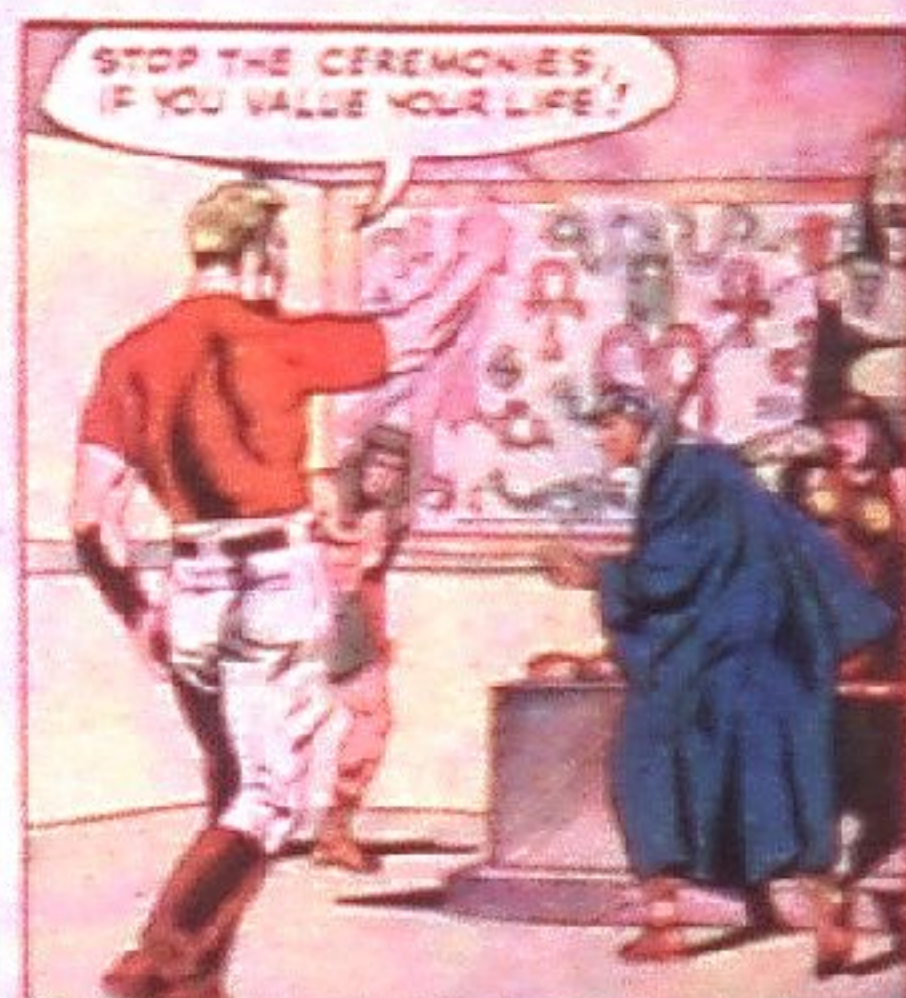


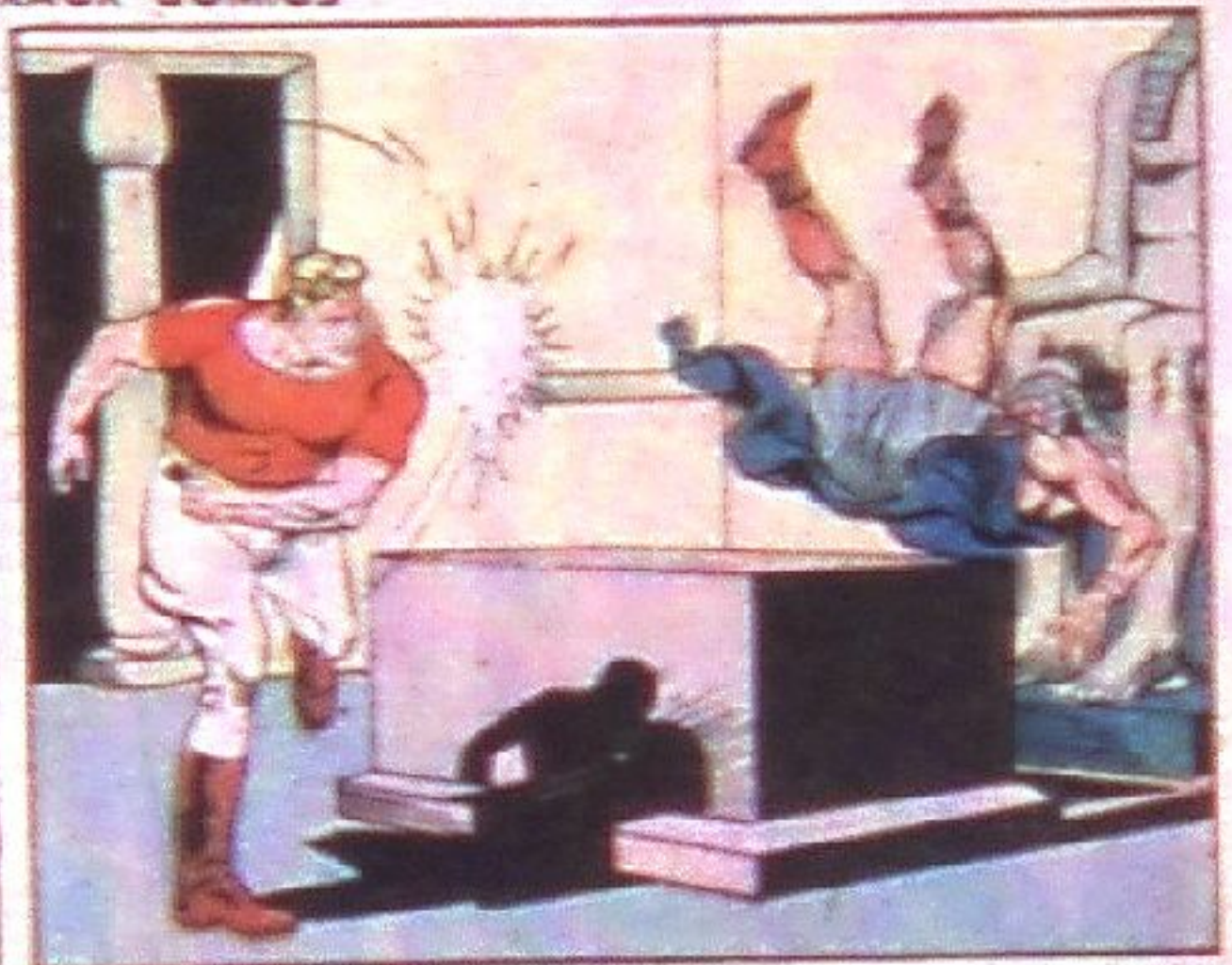


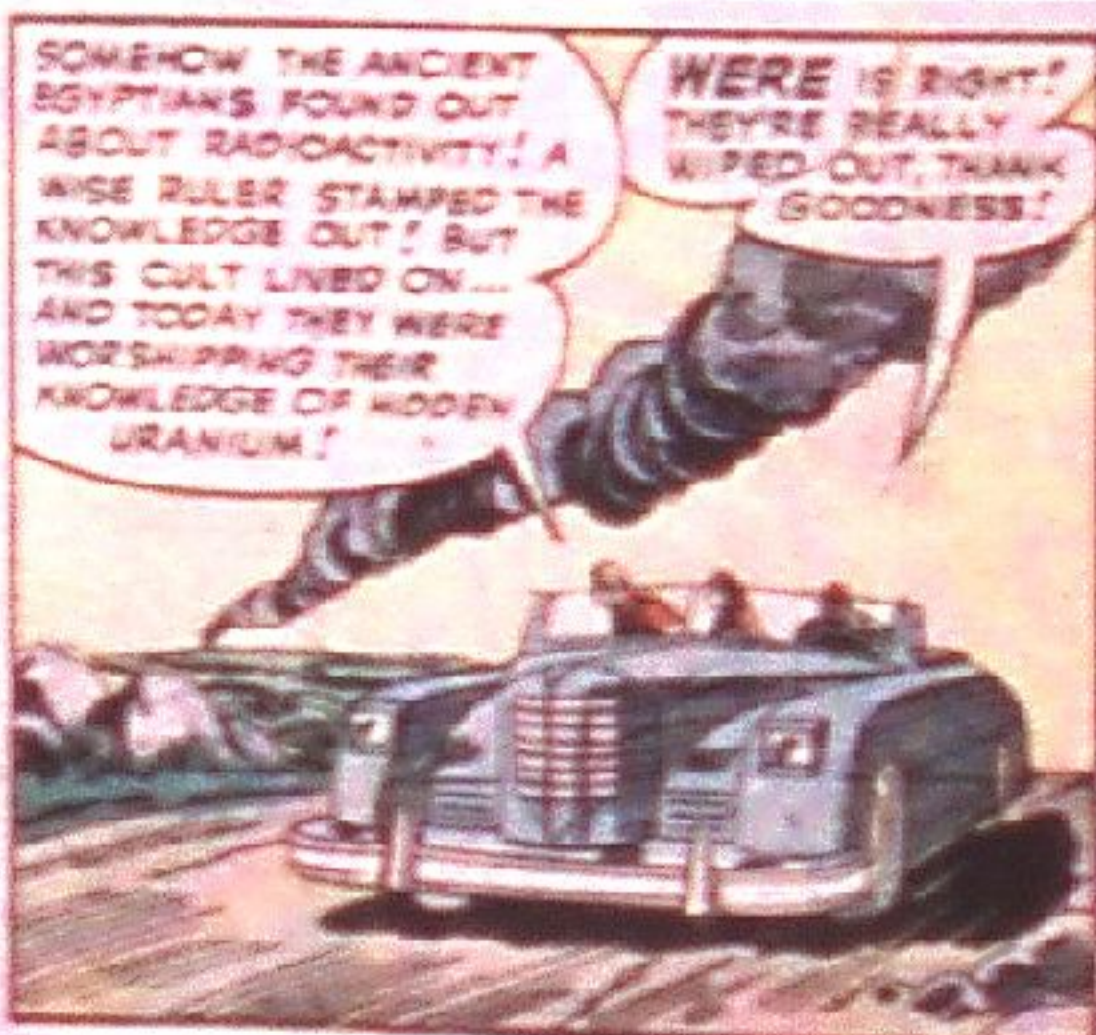
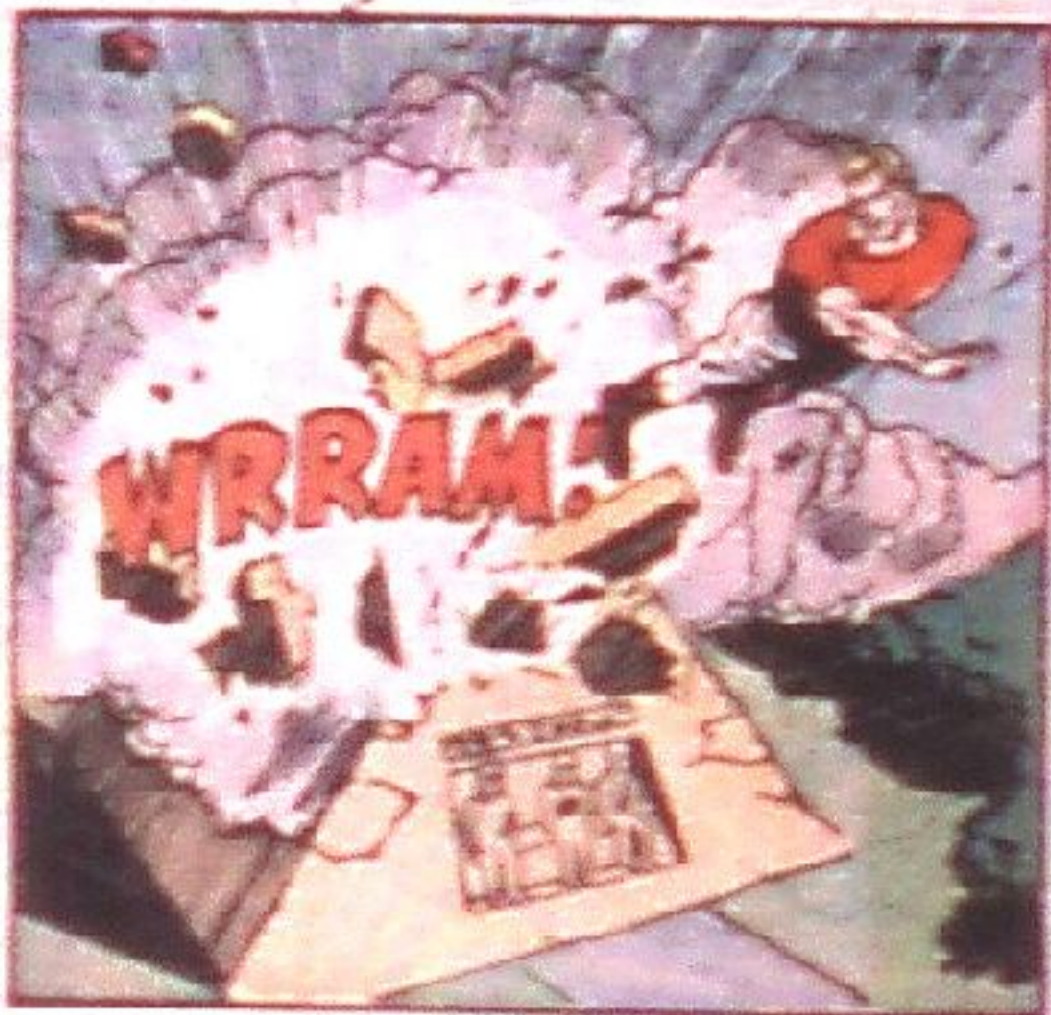


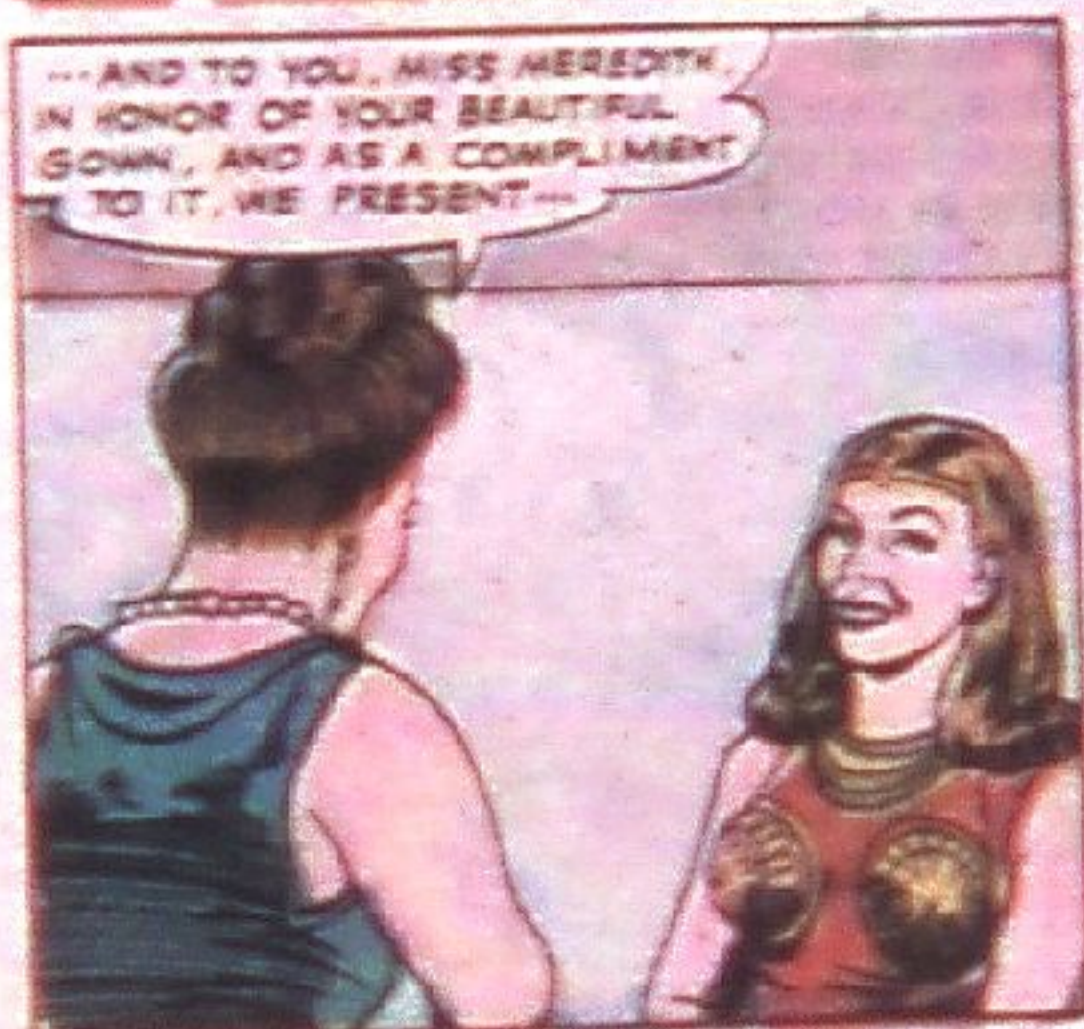
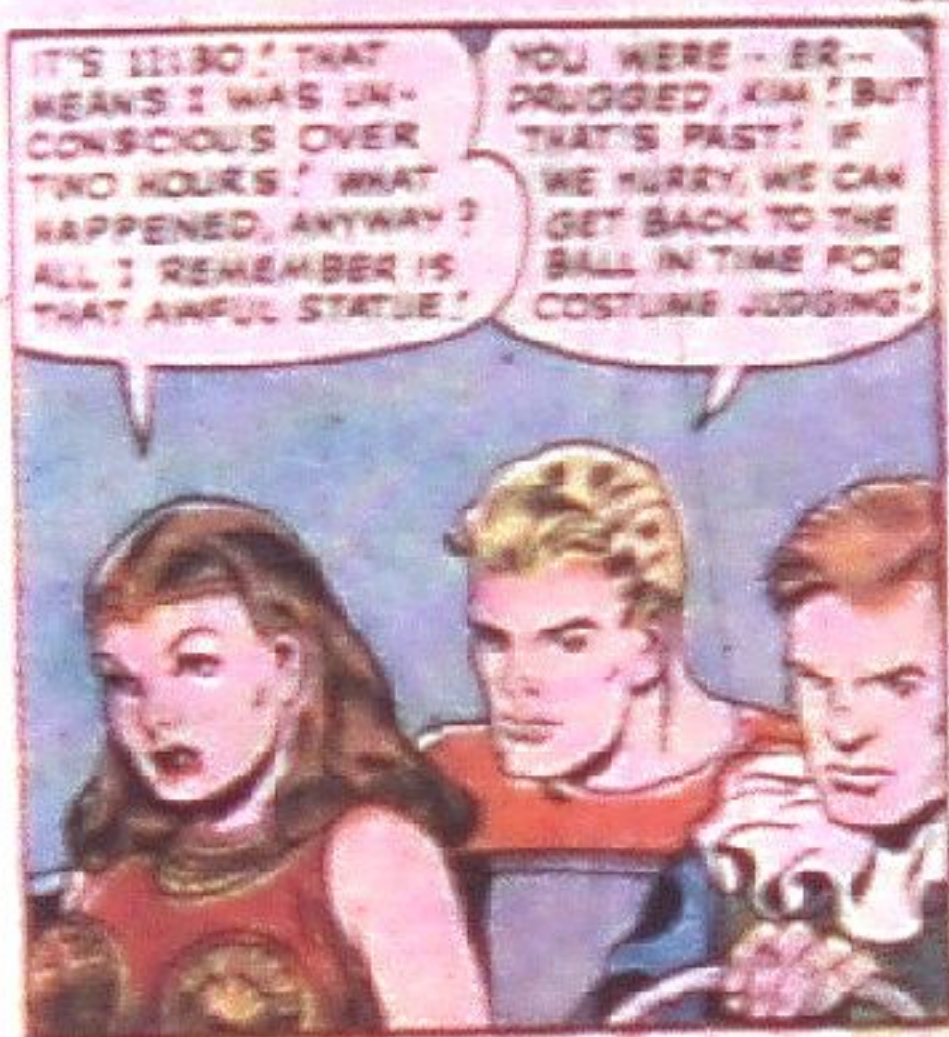
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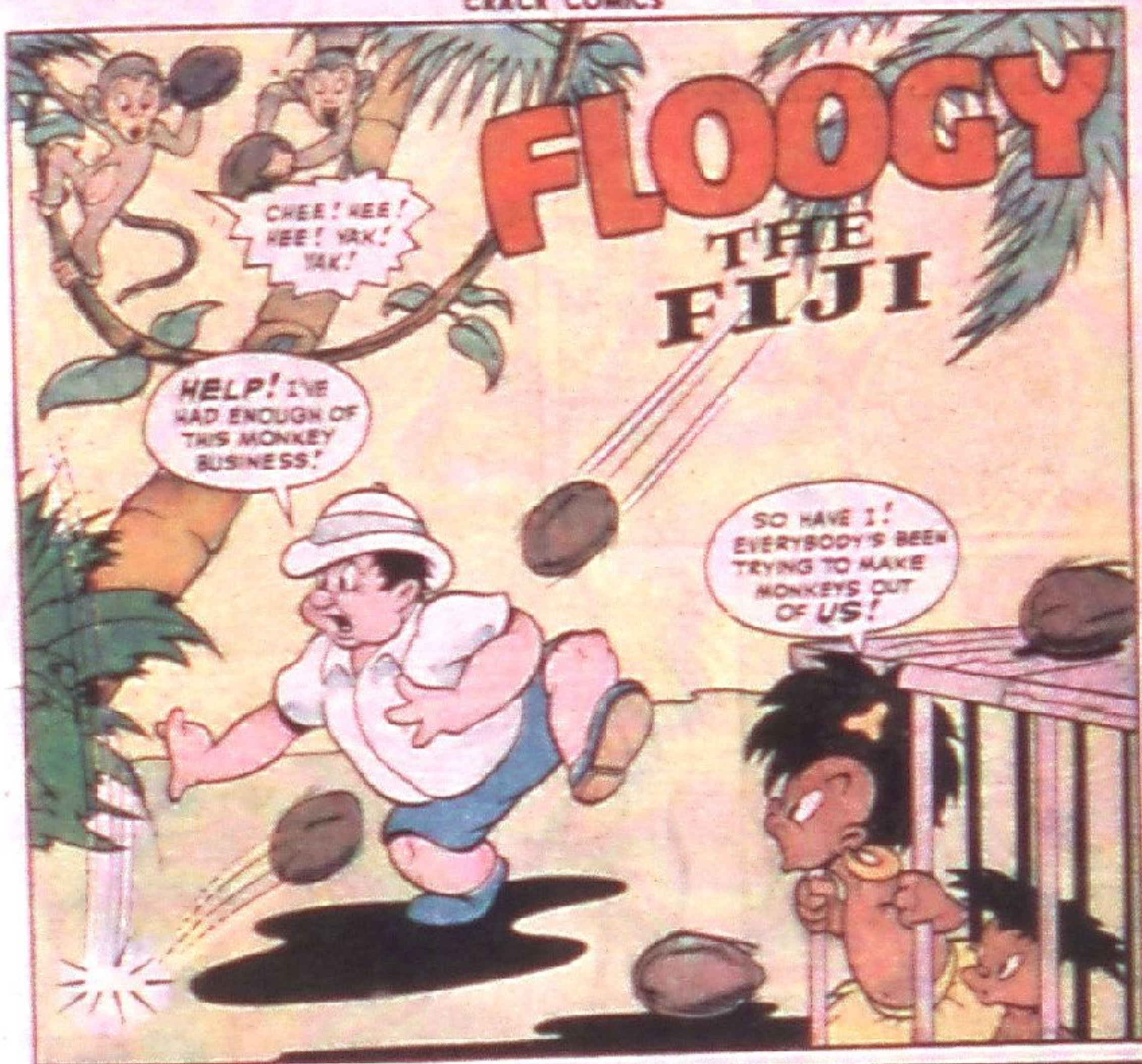


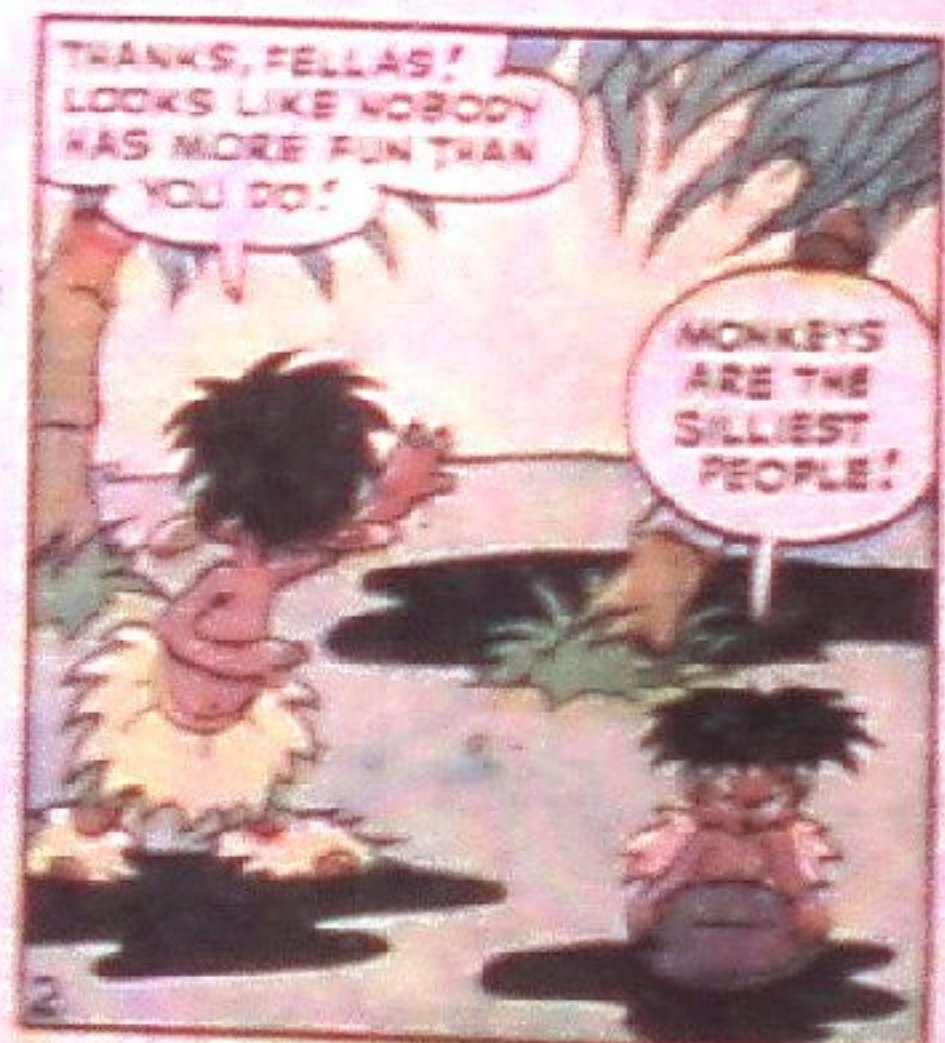




Slim Pickens



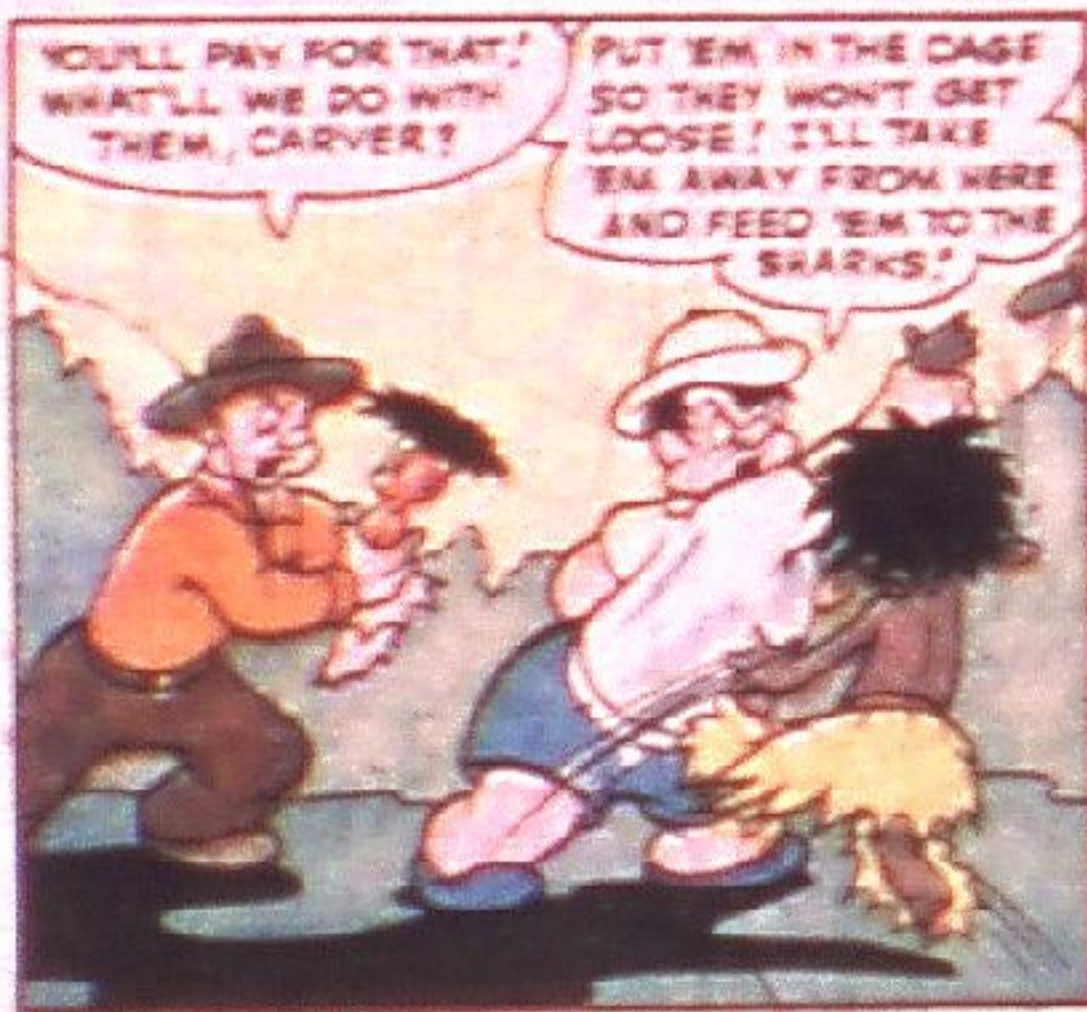








CRACK COMICS



Molly the Model

BE A GOOD GIRL WHILE I'M GONE, GERTIE!

WHILE YOU'RE GONE I'M GOING TO THINK UP WAYS TO MAKE YOU FAMOUS, AUNT MOLLY!

JUST LOOK! THAT BEYOOOTIFUL BIG BATHING-SUIT POSTER SHE POSED FOR!



I'LL JUST BET IF I WAS TO CUT THAT THING OUT AND PUT IT IN THE RIGHT PLACE THAT...



...MORE PEOPLE WOULD BE SURE TO NOTICE HER AND MAKE HER FAMOUS!



ANYWAY, THERE'S NO HARM IN TRYIN'!



Later...



I WONDER WHAT THAT CROWD'S DOING HERE?

YOU'VE GOT ME, AUNT MOLLY! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING GOING ON!

Molly the Model

A FINE MASK
BALL THIS IS,
WHEN I CAN'T
FIND MY OWN
GIRL, MOLLY,
ANYWHERE!



THE LONGER I
LOOK, THE MORE
I'M BEGINNING
TO FEEL IN
KEEPING WITH
MY COSTUME!



IF SHE'S SITTING OUT THIS
DANCE WITH SOME OTHER SAP,
I'LL SEND THE RAT LINE
FROM LIMB,
S'HELP ME!



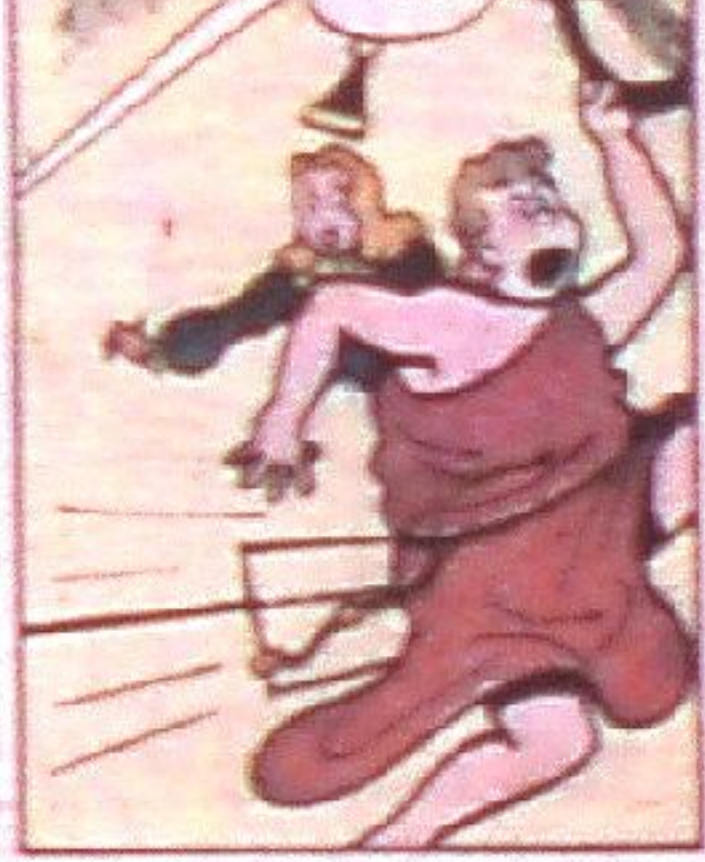
SO!

OK, PLAY SOME MORE,
PHILPOT --- AND I JUST
ADORE YOUR
COSTUME!



THANKS,
MOLLY!

OUTSIDE --- YOU
SPURIOUS SERAPH
YOU!



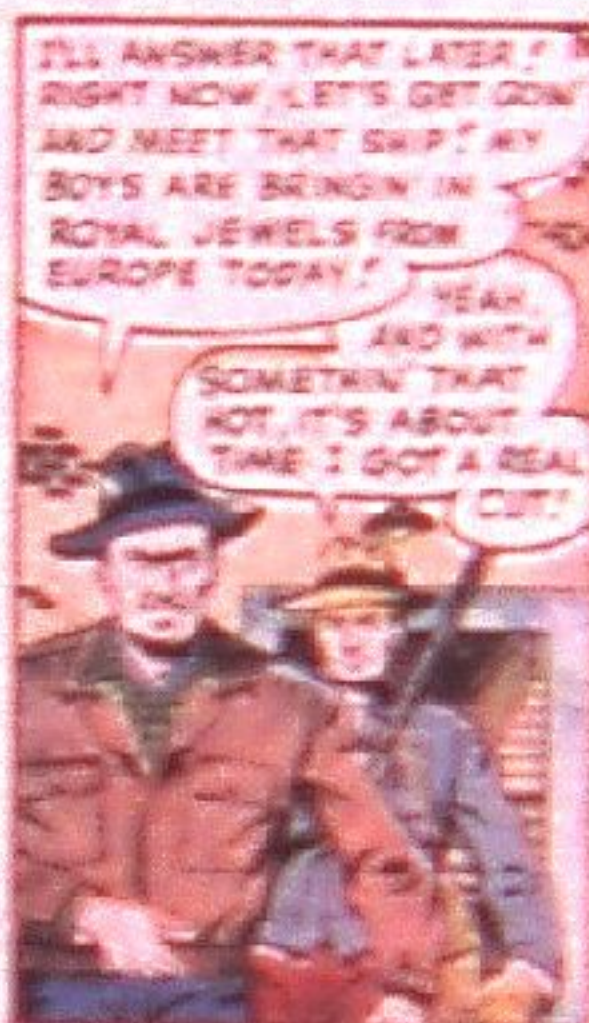
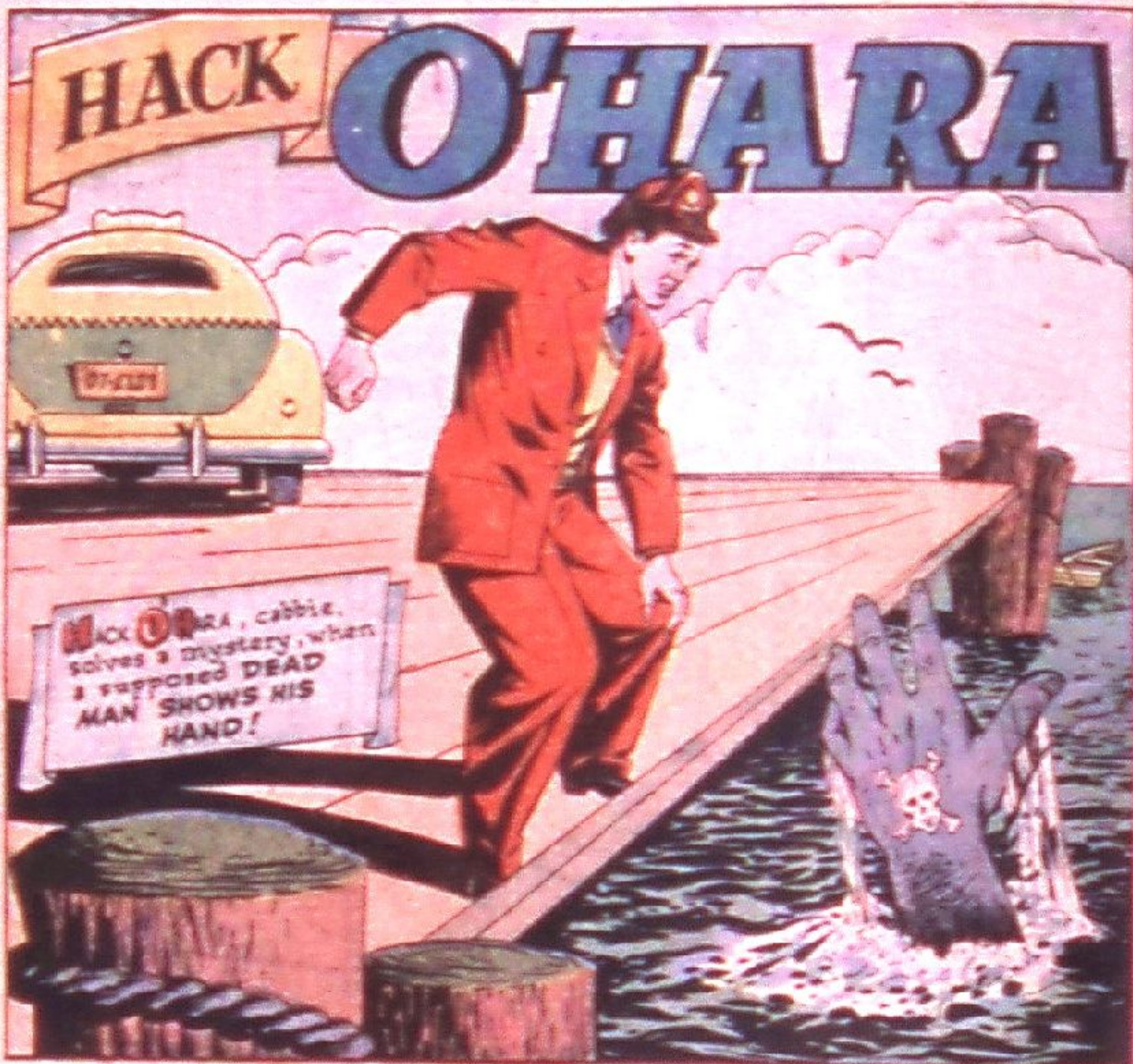
BILL, DO
YOU SEE
WHAT I
SEE?

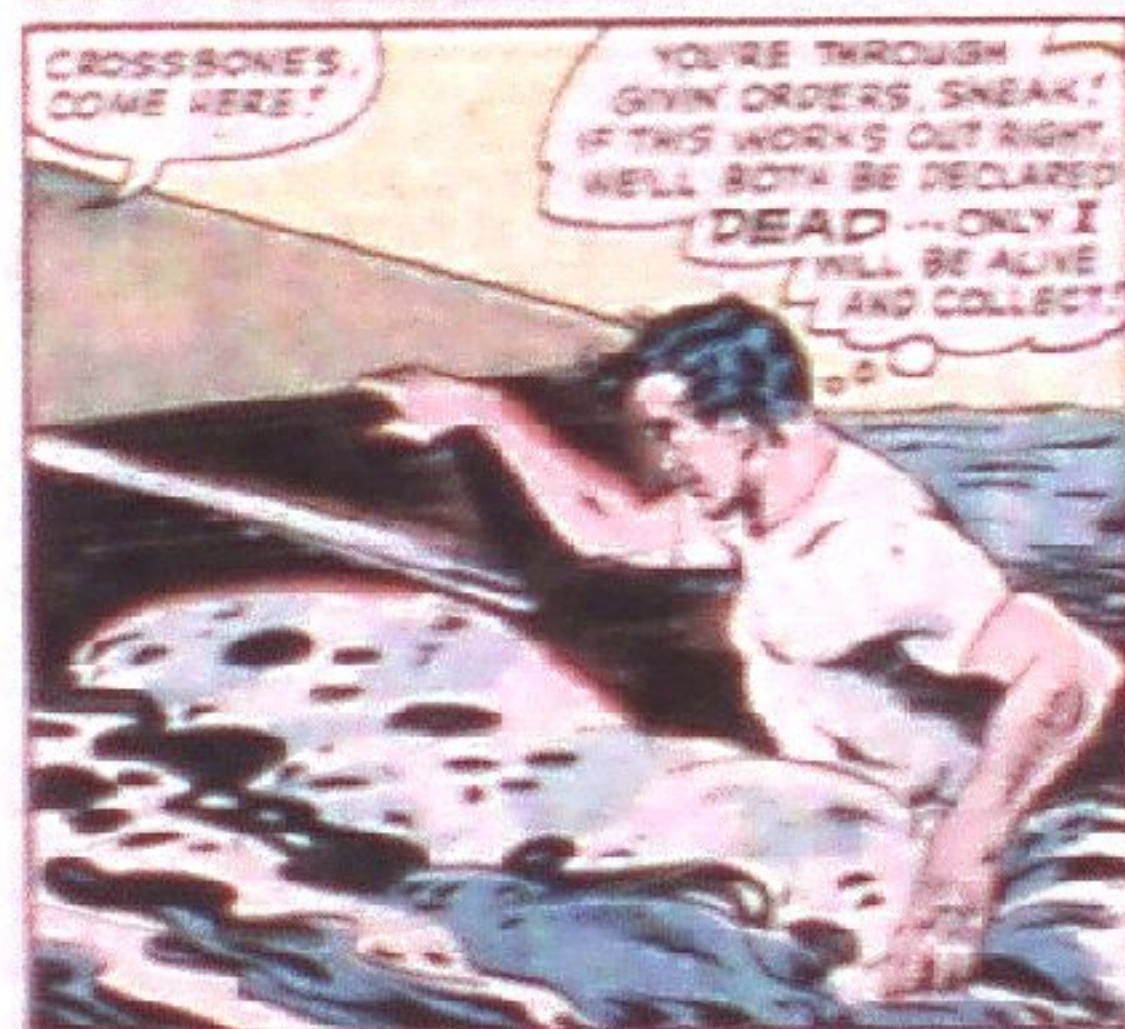
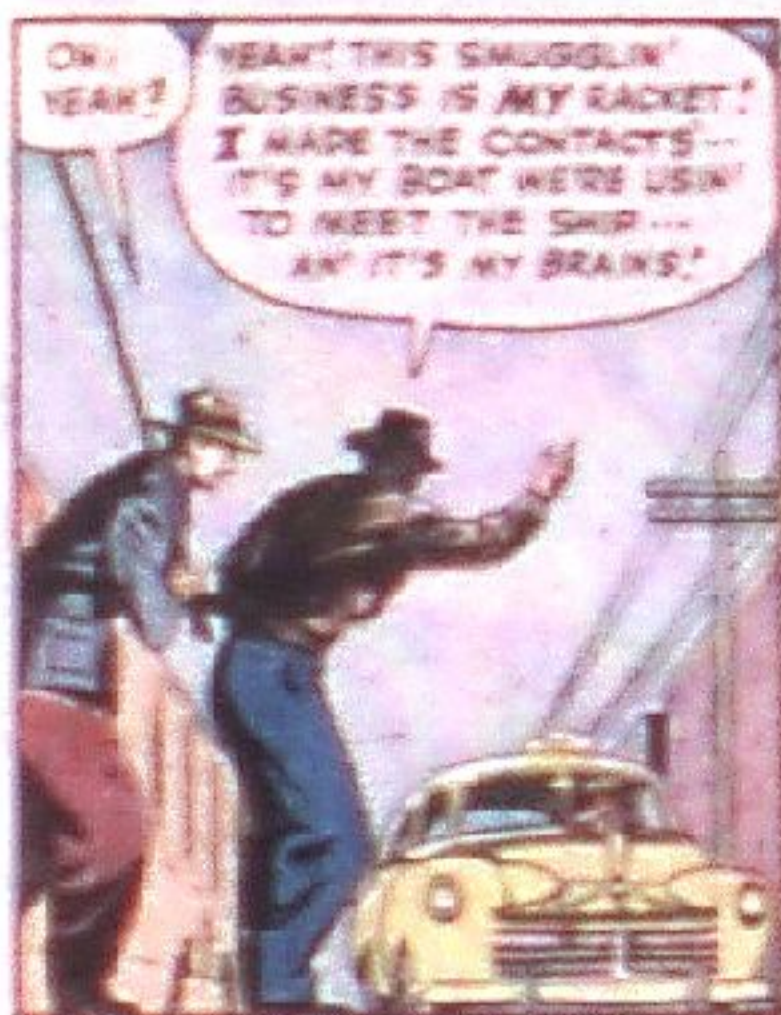
YIP, AND IT JUST
ABOUT CONFIRMS
MY IDEA OF WHO
IS RUNNING
THINGS TODAY!

PLAY THAT LYRE FOR ALL YOU'RE
WORTH! IT'S AN INSTRUMENT
WITH A PERFECT NAME FOR
A GUY LIKE YOU!

HELP!
HELP!

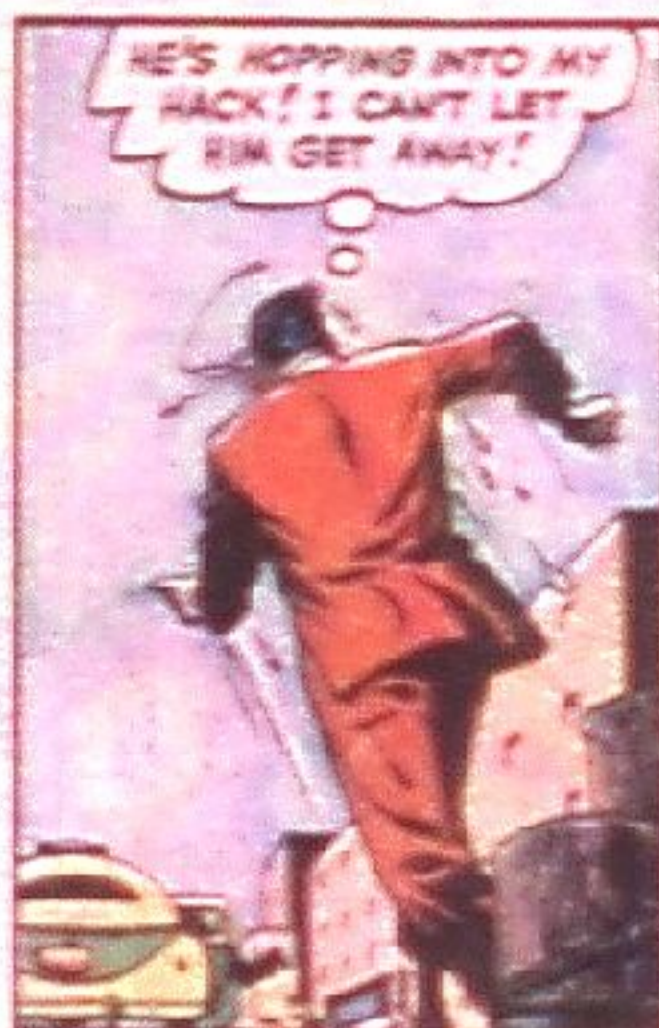
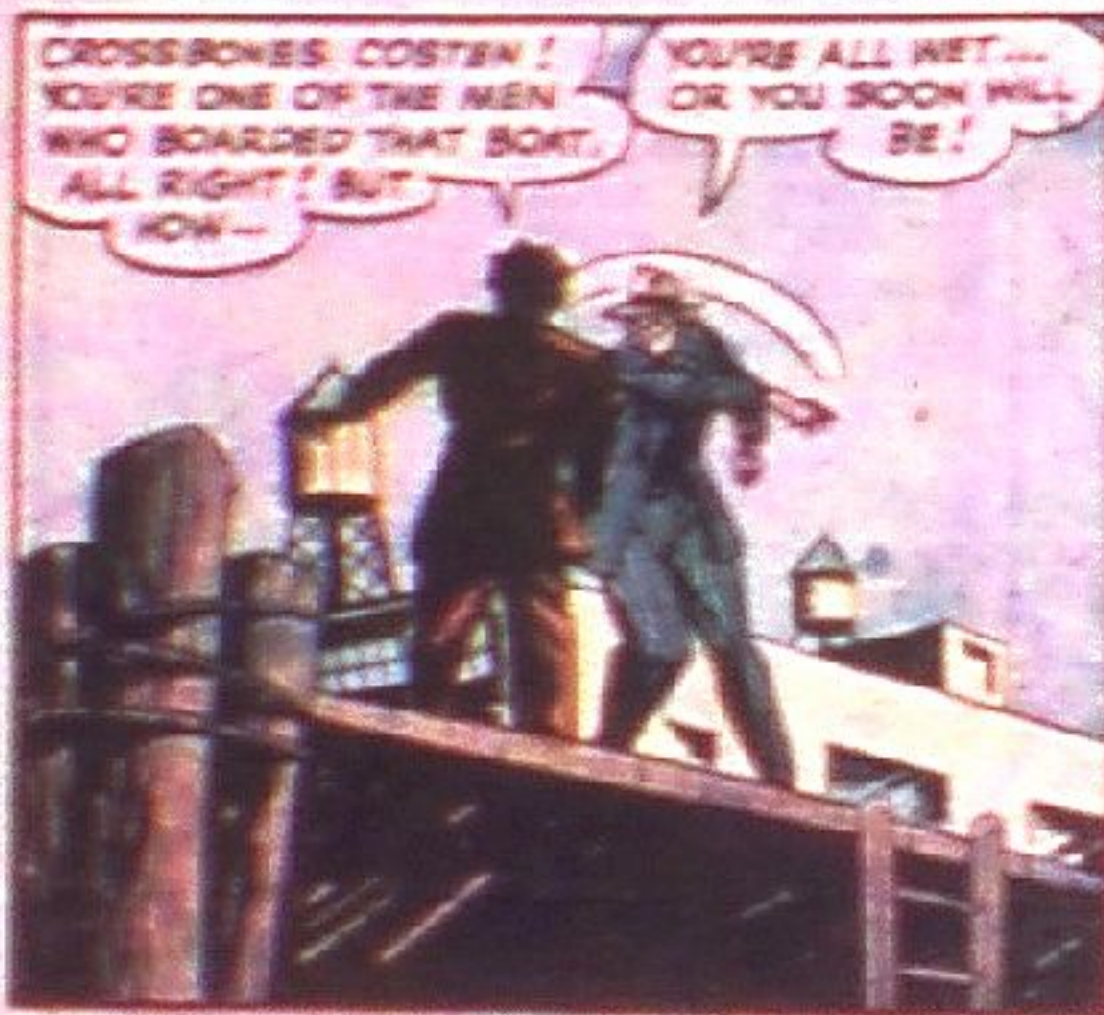












CRACK COMICS



THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL DRIVING WITH BOTH HANDS! DO YOU GET THE POINT OF THIS LEFT HOOK?

UGH!



GET OUT, CROSSBONES! LET'S BRING YOU AND YOUR RACKET OUT IN THE OPEN!

YOU CRUMMY RACKETEER! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!



DON'T GO OVERBOARD, CROSSBONES! YOU ALREADY HAVE ONE DEAD MAN TO ACCOUNT FOR!



I'D BETTER FRISK HIM, JUST IN CASE HE HAS A GUN—WOW! HERE'S ENOUGH ICE TO KEEP CROSSBONES IN THE COOLER FOR A LONG TIME!



WELL, HACK, THERE'S STILL NO FURTHER CLUE TO THE MYSTERY! IT LOOKS AS IF SNEAK AND CROSSBONES SAVED THE LAW SOME TROUBLE BY CHOOSING A WATERY GRAVE!

AFRAID I CAN'T AGREE WITH YOU, LIEUTENANT!



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS TATTOO! AND WITH A LITTLE COOKING, I'M SURE THIS "CORPSE" CAN CONFESS PLENTY TO CLEAR UP THIS CASE!

CROSSBONES! WELL, I'LL BE—

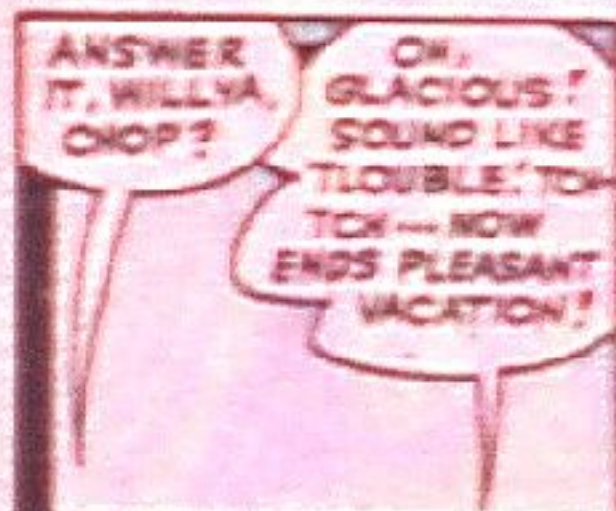


Later...

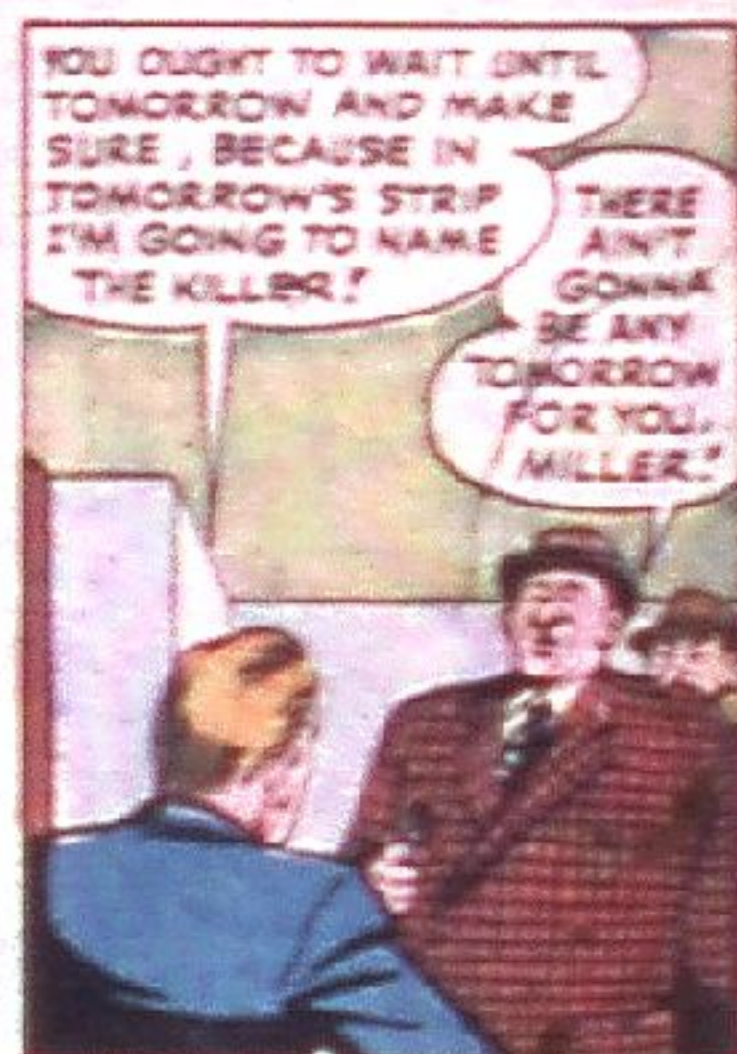
THAT'S THE STORY, HACK! THE SMUGGLING RACKET DIDN'T PAY OFF WELL ENOUGH TO SUIT CROSSBONES, SO NOW HE'LL PAY WITH HIS LIFE FOR MURDER!

YEP! NO MATTER HOW SMART A CROOK IS, LIEUTENANT HARDY, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER HE EVENTUALLY SHOWS HIS HAND!

PEN MILLER







Daily News

PEN MILLER MURDERED!

Early Graphic

ARTIST SHOT IN STUDIO!

MORNING BRUNT

CITY MOURNS DEATH OF PEN MILLER! THE GANGLAND REPRIS ARTIST FOR EXPOSING CRIME!

TSK, TSK! I WONDER IF THEY HAVE PAINT AND BRUSHES WHERE HE'S GONE?

SOVES HIM RIGHT, DUM-DUM! THE DALIA MOE OUGHTTA BE UP ANY MINUTE!

HI, DALIA! C'MON IN...IT'S ABOUT TIME WE BURIED THE HATCHET AND TALKED THINGS OVER.

NUTHIN' MUCH T'SAY, DUM-DUM! NEAT JOB YOU PULLED ON MILLER, TO SAY NUTHIN' OF MY TWO BOYS... BUT I GOT THREE OF YOURS LAST WEEK, SO WE'LL FORGET IT!

YEAH, LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! IN THIS NEW SETUP, I'M THE BOSS! AND THE SPLIT IS SIXTY-FORTY!

DAY'S OKAY BY ME! HOW ABOUT THE SPLIT ON THE TERRITORY?

Y-YOU'RE DEAD! ALL THE PAPERS S- SAID SO!

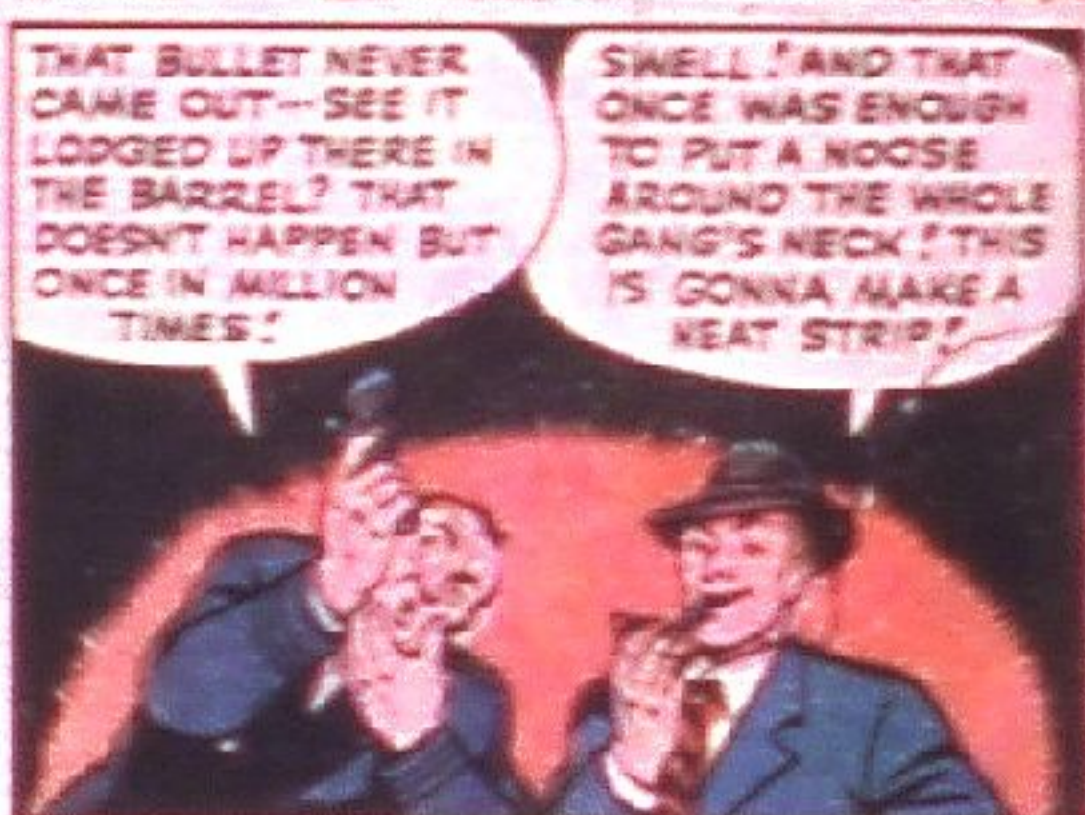
P-PEN M-MILLER! N-NO--IT CAN'T BE!

Y-YOU'RE A GHOST! GO AWAY--OR I'LL BLAST YOU!

YES, I'M A GHOST AND YOU KILLED ME, DAVIS! I'VE COME BACK FOR A SOUVENIR, DUM-DUM! I WANT YOUR GUN!

IF G-GHOSTS USE GUNS YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT! IT'S TIME I GOT A NEW ONE ANYWAY!

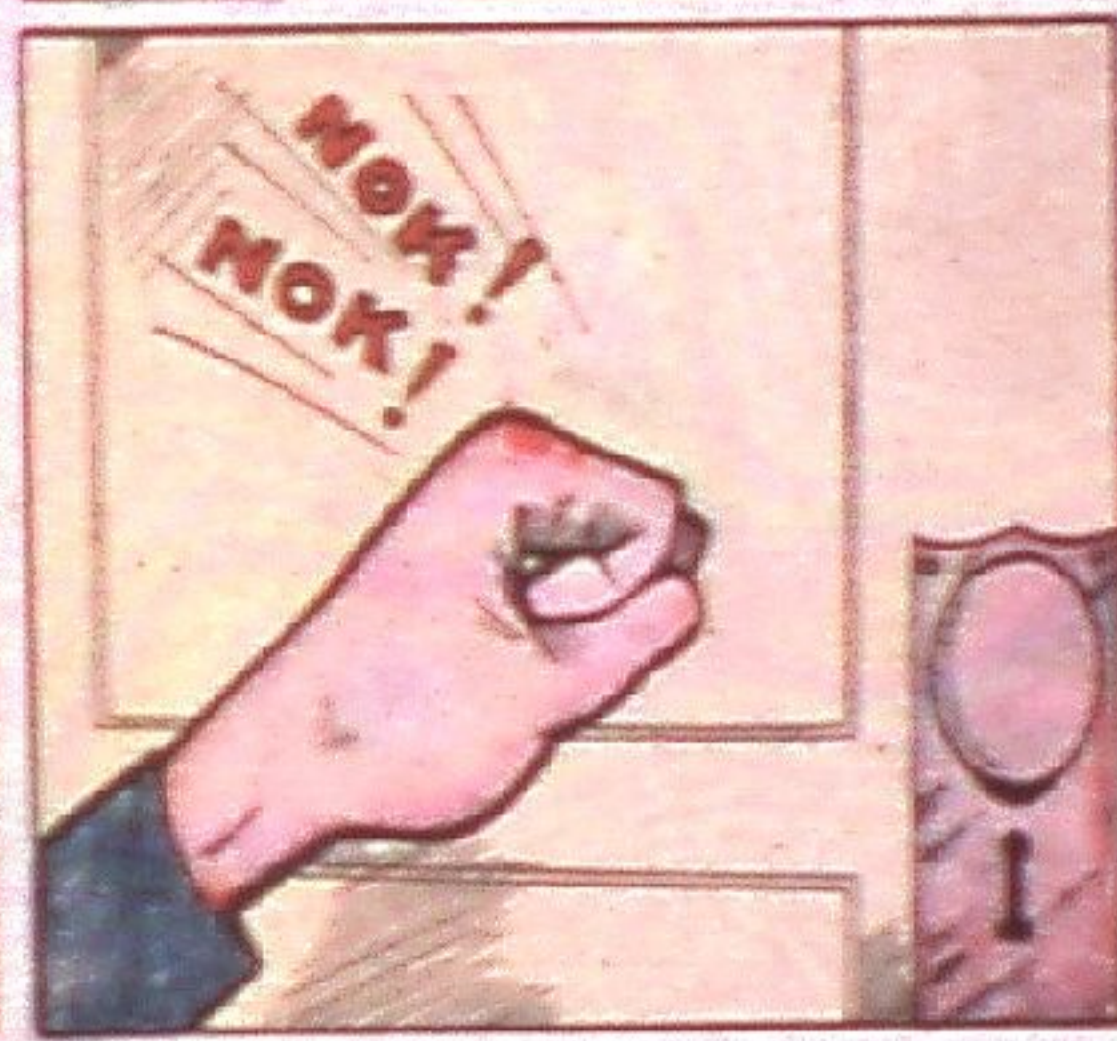
THANKS! NOW YOU CAN ALL FACE THE WALL AND PLANT YOUR HANDS SHACK AGAINST IT!



BEEZY









JEEPERS!



B-B-BEBINIA...
I-I-I S-SAW
HIM! PUFF
PUFF

WHAT?
SAW WHO?



HE JUST T-TURNED HIMSELF
INTO A MONKEY...
A BIG ONE!

WHAT?

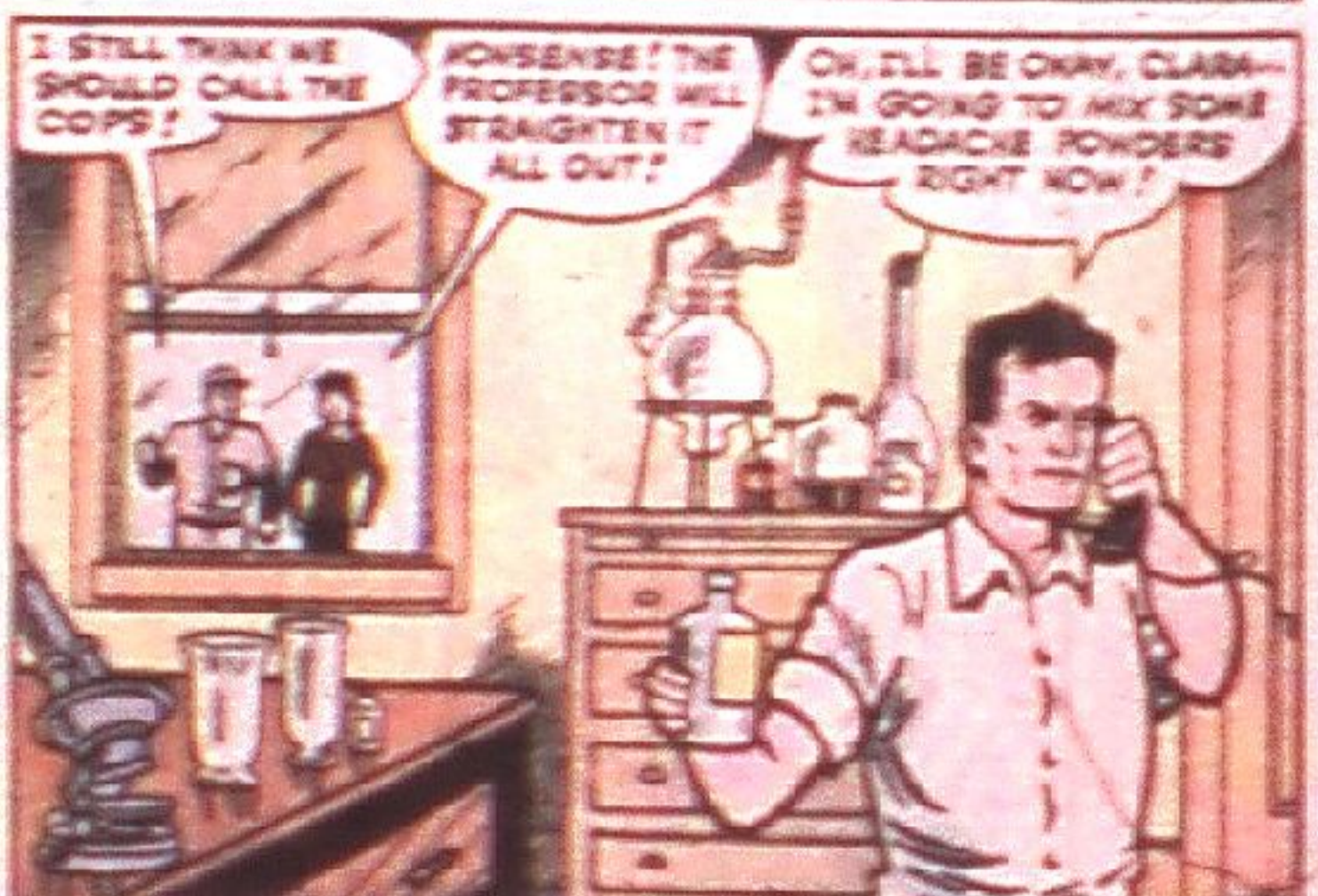


While back in
the lab—

OH, MY ACHING
HEAD! THAT
YOUNG IDIOT
MIGHT HAVE
KILLED ME!



YES, CLARA, I'VE GOT MY
COSTUME FOR THE BALL—
AND IT **MUST** BE
GOOD—ONE OF MY
LESS BRIGHT PUPILS
NEARLY BRAINED ME
BECAUSE OF IT!




I STILL THINK WE
SHOULD CALL THE
COPS!

NONSENSE! THE
PROFESSOR WILL
STRAIGHTEN IT
ALL OUT!

OH, I'LL BE OKAY, CLARA—
I'M GOING TO MIX SOME
HEADACHE POWDERS
RIGHT NOW!





BIFF thrashed on his back in the snow, waving skis and ski poles in the air. "What's the use of getting up?" he growled. "I'll just fall again."

Lance Gallant and Kim, standing on their skis, laughed at him—until suddenly Kim's feet flew out from under her and she joined Biff. The three friends were on the first day of their first ski trip at the newly opened Flying Skis Ranch, high in the Colorado mountains.

"C'mon," Lance called to the others. "The race is about to begin. Let's give up our own struggles for awhile and go watch it." The trio joined a crowd gathered at the foot of the steep Flying Skis trail.

There was much excitement over this race. The owners of the Flying Skis Ranch, a million dollar development, had gone all out to make it the most luxurious and best known resort in the country. To publicize its opening, they had sponsored this Flying Skis Derby, offering a cash prize of \$10,000 to the winner. It was expected that the race would be fast and hard fought.

The starting point at the top of the trail could not be seen. The crowd leaned forward breathless, awaiting the moment when the first skier would flash out of the trees into the open section of the trail, high on the mountain. The skiers would come down singly, racing against time. The faster skiers were always scheduled to come down a course first, to prevent the mishap of a fast skier overtaking a slower one, so the first few minutes of the race might well see the winner tearing down the trail.

"Two—one—Go!" The starter's voice boomed, being relayed to the starting point by telephone, and the people pushed forward, staring at the white slash in the woods above their heads. Then a figure appeared, a tiny, object from that distance, speeding forward in a low crouch. The skier moved like a streak



across the snow, traveling at incredible speed.

Suddenly there was a gasp from the crowd. So quickly they could scarcely realize it, the figure seemed to leap into the air and to fall forward, plunging from the trail into the woods still travelling at that awful speed. Even so far below, they could hear the cracking sound of splintering wood—and then silence.

Exclamations of horror broke out, and a race official rushed toward the starter's booth. Even while he ran, the second racer, unaware of what had happened, appeared on the mountain. The crowd watched as he zoomed down toward the scene of the accident—and then, incredibly, he, too, fell and disappeared, crashing into the woods.

Quickly the starter relayed up the mountain an order to stop the race and to send down the ski patrol. But it was already too late to stop the third racer. Like watching a movie film for the third time, the crowd saw the same accident repeat itself. The three fastest skiers in the race had, unbelievably, crashed at the same point on the trail. Two of them were rushed to the hospital, badly injured. The third man was dead.

Gloom spread over the Flying Skis Ranch, replacing the healthy excitement that had preceded the ill-fated race. Lance, with Kim and Biff, listened for awhile to the conversation of the crowd. Then Lance made his way to the group of officials who had quickly completed an investigation.

"Nothing to show what caused it," one of them explained. "The snow surface was in fine shape, and it's the least dangerous stretch on the trail. That's why they were travelling at such speed. We don't know how to account for the accidents!"

Finally, with an official stationed at each side of the fatal spot, the race was continued. There were no more accidents, but the racers were uneasy. They checked and turned, and

never permitted themselves to attain the high speeds of the first three men—with but one exception. One man came down the course at normal speed, and was the outstanding winner of this first heat. If he could hold his own the next day, in the second and final heat, he would walk away with the \$10,000 prize.

After the race was over, Lance, on a pair of snowshoes, made his way to the scene of the accidents and went over the ground. To one side of the trail he found a small piece of strong wire, which he carefully placed in his pocket. That night he conferred with the racing officials. He asked one question, which resulted in a phone call to the hospital and one to the undertaker's establishment.

"Yes," said the official who made the calls, turning to Lance with surprise. "you're right! There was a welt across each man's legs, just above the ankle. Do you know what it means?"

Taking the strand of wire from his pocket, Lance explained his theory. Someone hiding beside the trail had stretched a piece of wire across it, where it would trip each ill-fated contestant. Travelling at such speed, they were sure to crash. After each one passed, the man could jerk the wire back into position without leaving his hiding place.

"But who would do such an awful thing?" one of the men protested.

"The man who now stands to win \$10,000—with the three best skiers out of the picture, and the others too frightened to put on a good race."

"Allen!" he official exclaimed, naming the one racer who had made good time. "He wouldn't have stood a chance with the three injured men in the race. Now, he is certain to win."

"It's murder," another man cried. "Let's call the police and have him arrested."

"Not so fast," Lance cautioned. "We can feel fairly certain that Allen is the man—but there is no proof. He took care not to be seen. He didn't reach the starting point of the race until late, after the accidents; but he explained that by saying he'd had a broken binding he had to replace. There is not one bit of evidence to pin the crimes on Allen—

yet." Then Lance explained his plan to them.

The next morning there were rumors flying over the Ranch, rumors carefully started by the race officials. A new contestant had entered the race, a skier so fast that he felt he could win the \$10,000 prize, even though, by special permission, he entered only the second heat! Excitement mounted as race time approached.

"What do you think, Lance?" Kim asked. "Could a man possibly ski that fast?"

"Here's your number, sir," one of the attendants said, handing Lance a placard to hang on his sweater. "You're the first man down—better get up to the starting point."

"You!" Kim and Biff stared at Lance, openmouthed. "You're the new contestant!" Lance grinned.

"But Lance . . ." Kim protested. "You'll be killed! You can't ski!"

"Just keep that under your hat," Lance cautioned. "Remember, I'll have some assistance when I'm on the mountain."

"I get it," Kim nodded. Out of sight of the crowd, Lance would rub the birthmark on his left wrist. The spirit of his dead brother, Michael, would enter his body. Together they would become the invincible Captain Triumph, whose incredible muscular control could master anything, even skiing.

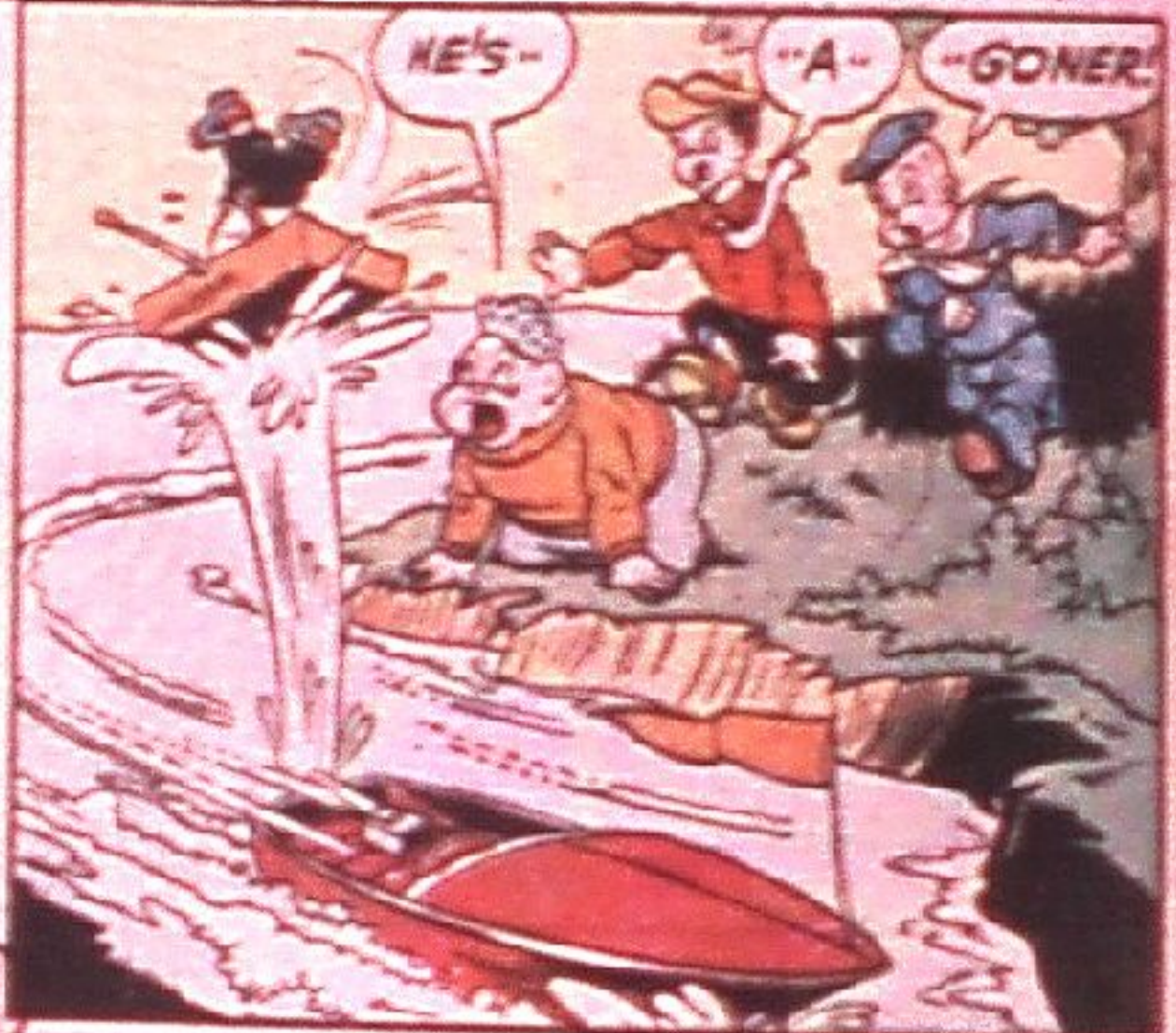
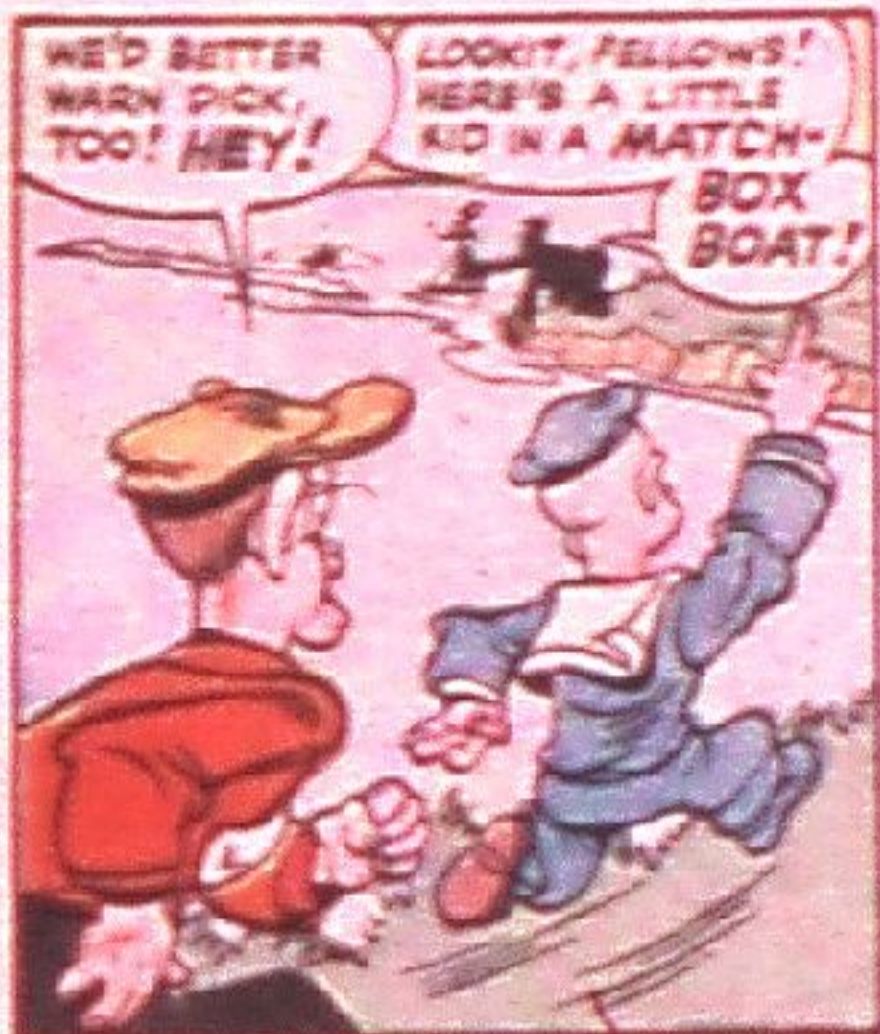
That is what happened. When the crowd watched the first racer of the day come out of the woods, he was travelling like an express train. He reached the site of the accidents, and once more the crowd gasped. He fell forward—but instead of crashing, he seemed to glide through the air, then come down safely on his skis once more! It was unbelievable—except to Kim and Biff, who knew it was Captain Triumph.

As Lance had expected, when Allen heard of the sensational new contestant he had had to set his trap again, afraid to take a chance of losing the \$10,000 prize. Captain Triumph had come down the trail into the trap, which to him was no threat. And officials hiding at the spot had caught Allen in the act and turned him over to the police, to be tried for murder.

Inkie



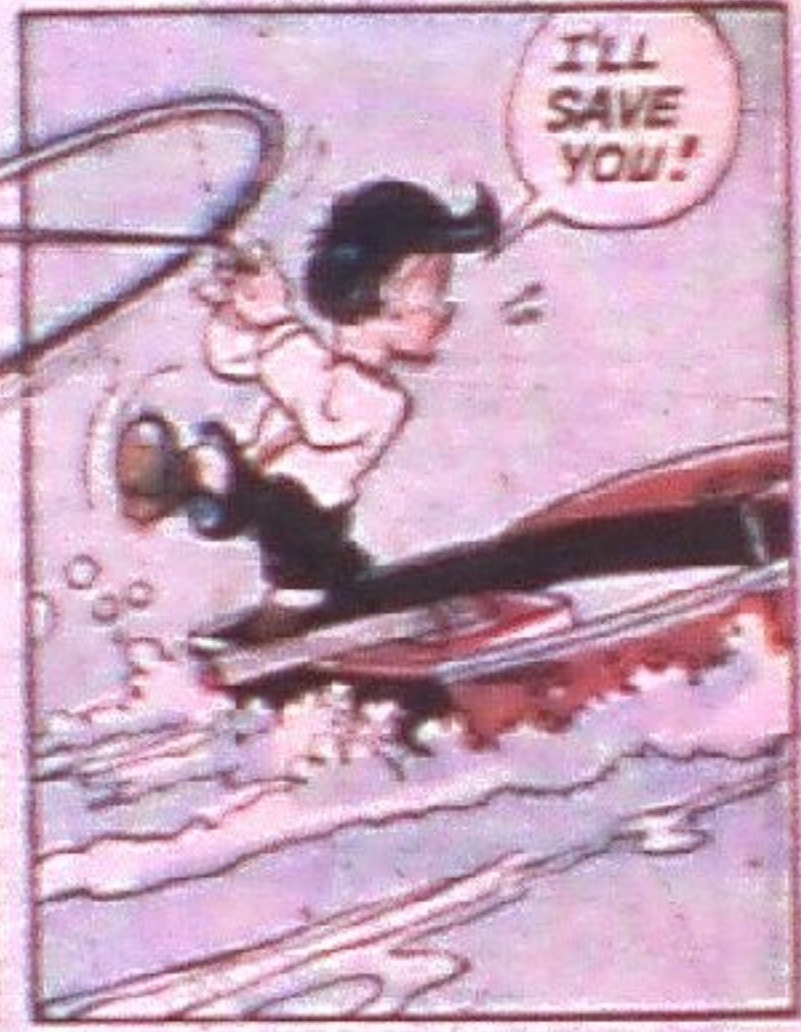








SPLASH!



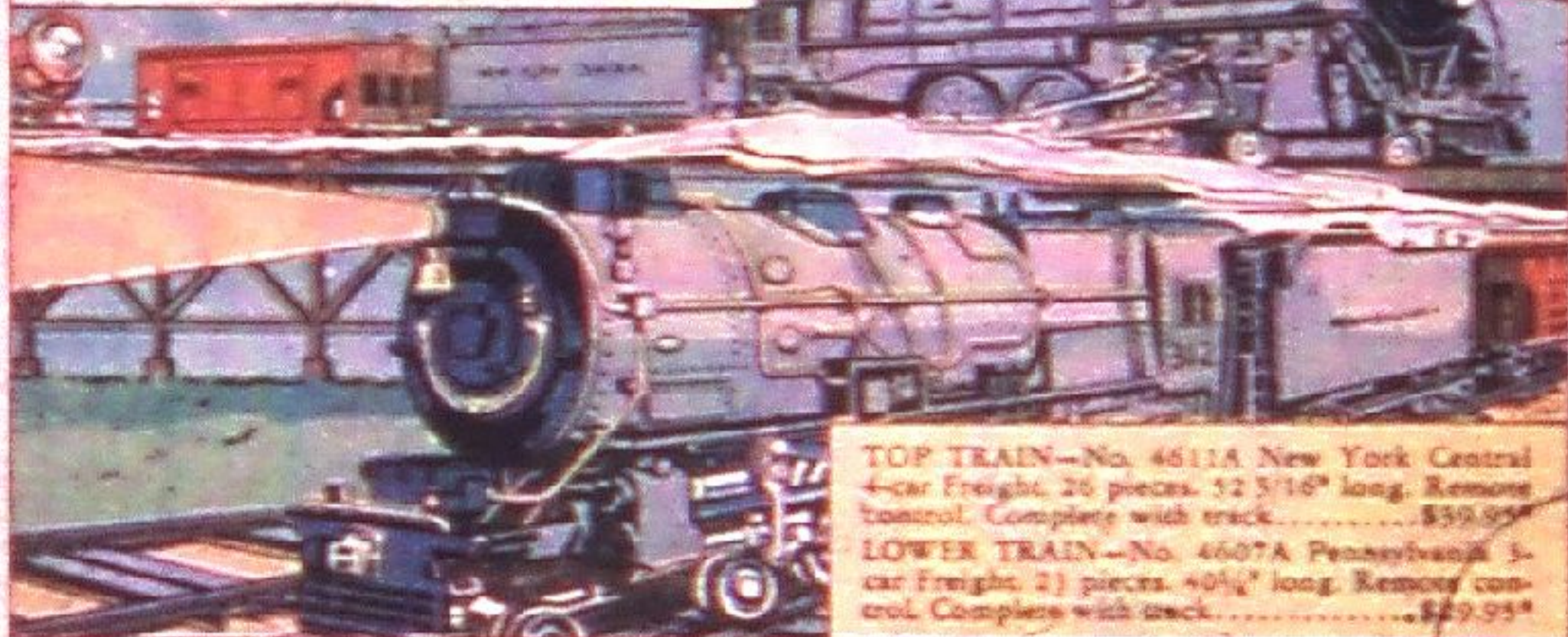
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HEAR 'EM CHOO-CHOO

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HISS-SSS

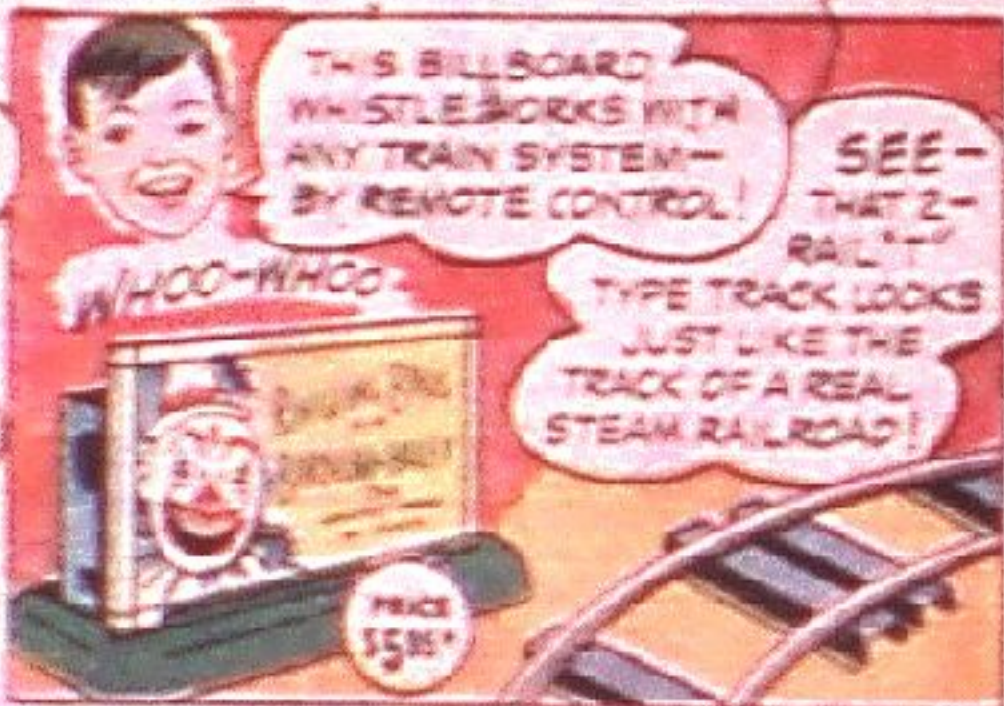
WHO-OO
WHO-OO

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PHILADELPHIA-
CHICAGO-AND
ALL POINTS
NEET!

ALL ABOARD

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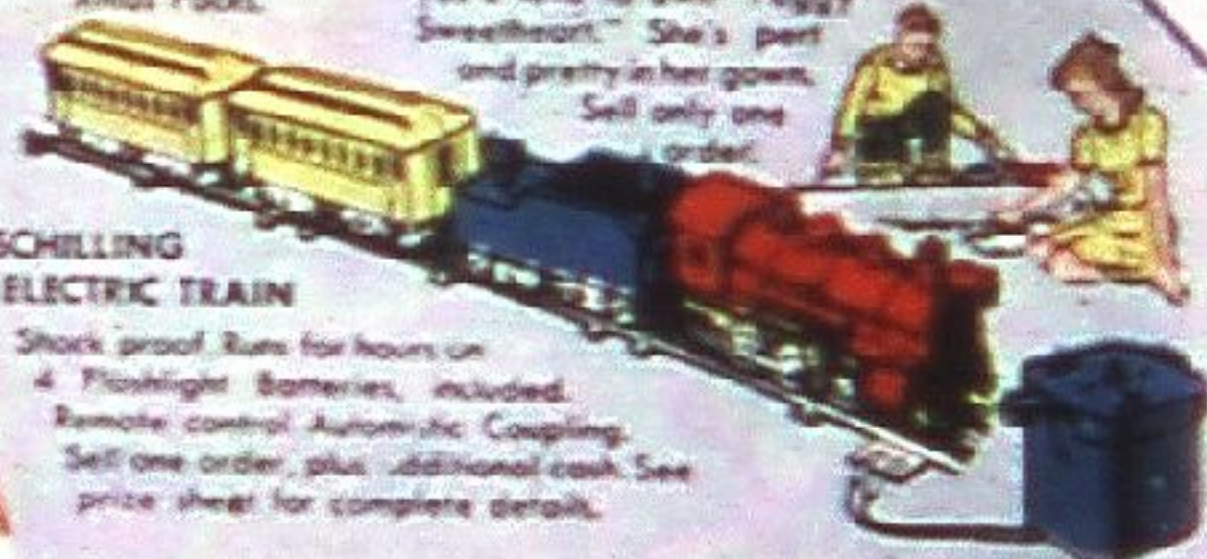
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